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THE GITAINA.

Expressly translated for the FAVORITE from the French of Xavier de Montepin.

XVIII.

CAPTAIN MATHURIN LEMONNIER.

Let us leave for a while the house in which the strange marriage of the Chevalier Tancred de Najac with the street dancing girl Carmen had taken place, and bend our steps to the hospitable mansion of Don José Rovero.

It is a sad spectacle to which we are about to introduce our readers.

It was the hour of sunrise—four in the morning. The faint rays of the breaking day were feebly streaming through the half-closed shutters of a sick room and struggling with the light of two dying night-lights which stood on a table in the middle of a richly-furnished bedroom. On the bed lay Don José Rovero, his face, of a deadly paleness, turned towards heaven, his eyes wide open, and his eyelids twitching in the half-light. Were it not for these indications of lingering life he might have been taken for dead.

At the foot of the bed Annunziata, the beautiful Cuban heiress, lay in a half-reclining attitude. The poor girl's eyelids were swollen with long watching, and her face bore the traces of utter exhaustion. During the whole night she had watched untiringly by her father's side, until her strength gave way, and she fell into a broken, troubled sleep.

The old man was awake, endeavoring to soften as much as possible his hard gasps for breath, lest his daughter's rest might be disturbed.

Alas! the fatal hour predicted by the Brazilian sage was drawing fast to its term. Three days after Philip Le Vaillant's letter had caused hope and joy to spring up in his soul, he had been stricken down, this time to rise no more. Yet he had struggled with all his strength and with all his energy against the approaching dissolution, but strength and energy were both unavailing, and the old man, crushed beneath the relentless malady that had so long pursued him, was now compelled to resign himself to the bitter thought that at last he must acquaint his darling child with the soreness of the afflictions that had overtaken him.

Annunziata, as the reader already knows, was unacquainted, not only with the extent, but even with the very existence of her father's misfortunes. His announcement of what had taken place took her completely by surprise, yet she contrived to persuade herself—indeed, in her place it was hard to imagine otherwise—that the disaster was not so great as on its first face it appeared. Don José had not the heart to tell her the bare, ghastly truth.

The poor child, he argued with himself, will know it only too soon. It will be time enough, when I have only a few hours to live, to tell her the worst.

Day by day the old man's agony increased. One paroxysm followed another with unceasing regularity. His life was now a mere wearisome burden to him, a continual and unbearable existence of martyrdom, from which he would have prayed earnestly for release had not the chains of affection bound him so closely to his only child.

At times, when suffering incomprehensible agony, he would think almost with envy of those who slept undisturbed in the silence of the tomb, and would murmur, almost unconsciously, in the words of the Psalmist, "*Beati, qui quiescant!*"—Blessed are the dead, for they are at rest.

Annunziata never left her father now, not for an hour even. In vain he besought her to take a little rest; she always refused to leave him. During the whole night she had watched, but as the morning broke exhausted nature demanded its necessary repose, and she gave way to the sleep that overpowered her.

One of those sudden crises which Don José compared to a hot iron searing his breast coming upon him with intense vehemence he was unable to prevent himself crying out in his agony. The cry awoke Annunziata, who started up in alarm and ran to the bedside. The sight that met her anxious gaze caused her to recoil in dismay.

Don José was hardly recognizable, even by his daughter. The veins on his forehead and temple were swollen almost to bursting beneath the livid skin, his eyes were sunk deep in his



"ALAS!" HE MURMURED, "THE END IS NOT FAR OFF!"

sockets, and bloody foam issued from his distorted lips.

Seizing the phial that contained the Brazilian empiric's remedy, Annunziata filled the little golden goblet and handed it to her father. Don José seized it and emptied it eagerly, and the crisis passed immediately. With a trembling hand he then took the phial from his daughter and anxiously held it up to the light. It was as he feared. Only a few drops of the precious liquid remained.

"Alas!" he murmured, "the end is not far off!"

Big tears rolled down the girl's cheeks as she watched him.

"Courage, my dear child," said the old man. "Your sorrow breaks my heart, and destroys the little energy I have left."

Annunziata wiped her eyes and endeavored to force a smile.

"Father," she asked, "how do you feel now?"

"Better. Much better. I am no longer in pain."

"Is that true, father?"

"It is, indeed, child. For some moments I was in cruel agony, I confess, but it is over now. But you, Annunziata, are tiring yourself out."

"Oh, father! Pray do not mind me. I am young and strong. In mind only am I out of health, and your recovery will soon cure me."

"My recovery!" thought Don José. "Oh, my God, thy hand is weighing heavy upon me, for it strikes me through my child who lives in my life and who will perhaps die of my death."

"My dear, dear child," he continued. "My cries awoke you from the sleep you need so much. I am sorry for it."

"No, no, father, do not talk so. I tell you once more I need no rest. I was only taking a passing nap, dreaming of France."

"Of France?"

"Yes, France that you will be so glad to revisit, for there you will find the friend of your youth. Ah, how I long for you to be strong again, that we may get away. I do not know how it is, but I detest Havana, with its perpe-

tual blue sky. You will think me silly, but indeed there are times when I cannot help thinking that there is misfortune in store for us in this country. Yet I am mistaken," she added with a smile that was pitiful to see, "for we are happy, are we not, father? Or at least we will be, soon?"

The old man had not the courage to reply to this hopeful appeal, coming from a mind that already presaged disaster.

The day had now fully broken, and the conversation was interrupted by the announcement that the medical men had arrived for their daily consultation.

Don José's illness was one of those incomprehensible and incurable affections which are undefined by science and occupy no recognized place in the category of human diseases. In the eighteenth century (and in the nineteenth for aught we know to the contrary) the doctors of Havana were no marvels of science and skill. But this absence of ability did not prevent them from having ample confidence in themselves. Compelled to admit their ignorance of the seat of the disease they were not far from actually denying its existence. They could not but see that the old man's system had undergone frightful ravages, but this they attributed to causes more or less plausible, which did infinite credit to their imaginative powers. One of these gentlemen insisted, in all good faith, that their patient's suffering were more the effect of imagination than anything else. The others were perfectly willing to agree that Don José's life was in no danger. Their opinion might be formulated as follows:

"We are all mortal, and Don José may die to-morrow, like any of us. But if so undesirable an event were to take place, it would be in no way due to disease."

Everyone will understand that the daily consultation of these sage advisers, so far from doing the patient good only added undue nervous excitement to his other complaints. Nevertheless, as the presence of the physicians and their learned talk gave infinite relief to Annunziata's fears, he sacrificed himself for his daughter, and allowed them to call and consult as they pleased. On the day in question they had, as usual, talked nonsense to their hearts' content.

"Alas," thought the old man, as he listened to their jargon, "on one point they are right enough—I shall soon be out of pain."

When the medical men had retired, a servant brought Don José, as usual, the list of vessels arrived within the last twenty-four hours. As he cast his eyes over the paper the merchant uttered an exclamation of joy.

"Thank God!" he cried, "he has come in time, and at least I shall die content."

Among the names of new arrivals on the list was that of the "*Marsouin*," of Havre. The captain of this vessel, which we already know belonged to Philip Le Vaillant, after having repaired the damages done to his ship off the Cape of Good Hope, at once sailed for Havana, intending to learn whether the captain to whom he had entrusted a letter for Don José had faithfully fulfilled his commission.

The arrival of the "*Marsouin*" removed the great cause of the dying man's anxiety. He now had the certainty that his orphaned daughter would leave for France under the care of a friend, and that she would be spared the many discomforts that a lady travelling alone too often has to meet.

Annunziata had watched her father attentively.

"One would think, father," she said, "that you had found some good news in that paper."

"And one would be right in thinking so, my child. One of Philip Le Vaillant's vessels is in port."

"It has come to take us to France, has it not?"

"Yes."

"And we will go by it?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Soon?"

"Yes, soon."

"You see, father, my presentiments were right, after all!"

Don José smiled and gave orders that the captain of the "*Marsouin*" should be sent up as soon as he came,

An hour later the expected visitor made his appearance, and was at once shown into Don José's room. He was a young man still, a native of Etretat, between Havre and Fécamp. His name was Mathurin Lemonnier, and though he came of pure Norman stock, his open, smiling countenance betold a frankness which is anything but the exclusive inheritance of his race.

As he approached the bed Captain Lemonnier made a low bow.

"I am happy to see you, sir," said Don José. "I understand that you were compelled by accidents to put out of your course. My friend Le Vallant's letter reached me, however, all safe."

"Senor Don José," returned the captain, "I am sorry to see that your health is not what Mr. Le Vallant would like to see it."

"Never mind me," returned the dying man. "Tell me about my friend. How did you leave him?"

"Well, in every way. His health is good, and his business more than prosperous. Notwithstanding his age he has all the vigor and activity of a man of thirty."

"Heaven be praised! And his son?"

"Mr. Oliver is the handsomest and best young man in all Normandy. He has the looks and appearance of a lord. But withal, and in spite of the immense riches that will be his, he is all sweetness, simplicity and good humor. There is no limit to his charity. He is the benefactor and consoler of all who are in distress. In a word, from Cape la Hague to the mouth of the Somme he is, I will not say loved, but adored."

"Heaven be praised!" said Don José once more. "Annunziata will be happy," he added to himself.

"When I set sail," continued the captain, "he was not at Havre."

"Where was he?"

"He was travelling on the coast of Brittany, where no doubt he will have the opportunity of making some fine pictures, for he draws and paints better than some people who make it their business. He is a musician too—knows as much about music as the man who invented it. He plays several instruments beautifully, and sings!—it would bring tears into your eyes to hear him. He writes charming verses, fancies like a gentleman, rides like a trooper, rows like a pilot, and if necessary could take command of a vessel just as well as a captain in the royal navy." Lemonnier spoke with all the fervor and enthusiasm of honest conviction.

Don José raised himself in his bed, seized the worthy Norman's hand and pressed it warmly in his own.

"Ah! if I were still rich," he thought, "I would give this good man a hundred thousand livres for what he has said."

Annunziata smiled at her father's enthusiasm. Don José turned towards her.

"Well, my child, what do you think of the son of my dear friend?"

"I think," returned Annunziata, "that he is worthy of his father, who must be the most perfect of men since you love him."

(To be continued.)

A TALE OF THE FUTURE.

"No, sir, I will not—I never bet. Once only in my life did I make a bet for a large sum, and I lost that in such a humiliating way that I registered a vow not to be bitten a second time."

"You quite raise my curiosity. As there is no chance of our settling by a friendly bet the little dispute as to what exact species of abomination our friend the costermonger is hawking, you should at least let me have the benefit of your first and last experience in that line."

"It is an old story, now; but if you will light a cheroot and join me in another bottle of Forzato I shall let you into the secret of my dislike to betting."

The speakers were both Englishmen, and had met by chance at a little auberge in an out-of-the-way village of the lower Engadine. Having dined together, they were having their cigars in the verandah, when some trifling difference of opinion brought on the conversation given above.

As soon as madame the hostess had supplied their wants, the elder of the two began to relate the following incident with an air of veracity so strongly marked that his listener found it impossible to doubt the accuracy of what he said:—

"The time I speak of is some twenty or five-and-twenty years ago, when the Alpine Club was still in its full glory. Things were very different then from what they are now. The Andes Association had not yet been formed—destined as it was utterly to cast into the shade its Alpine predecessor. There was no railway over Mont Blanc, and the idea of a lift to the hotel on the top of the Matterhorn had not yet been started; in fact, if I remember rightly, the hotel itself had not been built. I was at that time a member of the club, and few more enthusiastic individuals could have been found amongst the number of its admirers. Innumerable were the articles that I contributed to its Journal, giving appalling accounts of the adventures I had met with in scaling peaks and climbing down precipices, and other little performances of that nature. Immense used to be my delight and pride at being able to inscribe the magic letters A. C. after my name in the visitors' books in Swiss inns. Astonishing used to be the 'get up' in which I started for the most ordinary mountain walk, girt about with a variety of ropes, and ice-axes, and spectacles, and belts. I can speak jestingly of these little

vanities now, but it took a very severe and a very expensive lesson entirely to cure me. And the way it came about was this. There was to be an annual dinner of the club held at the Crystal Palace on a certain day in May, soon after I had taken my university degree. This dinner I had set my heart on attending; but when the afternoon of the day arrived, I received a letter from some country cousins, saying that they were coming up to town that day, and begging me to meet them at the train. This was pleasant; but as there was no help for it, I endeavored to calm my ruffled temper with the assistance of my hookah, and so far succeeded that I was not actually rude to my relatives, while escorting them across town. When I had thus done my duty, I began to consider what to do with myself, and what particular establishment I should favor with my custom for dinner that evening. Just as I had settled this important matter, who should I meet coming round a corner, but my friend Jack Hilyar? the very man, of all others, I should have wished to come upon at the moment. Jack was as good a fellow as ever breathed—pleasant and light-hearted, but with plenty of stuff in him for all that. As luck would have it, he had not yet dined, so we arranged to have a quiet little dinner together, and a good chat in the smoking-room afterwards. We had finished the second course, and were discussing the wines and dessert, when a stranger entered the room and seated himself at the table next to me. Now, all my life I have been a physiognomist—not, perhaps, in the ordinary sense of the word, as I do not assert that I can read a man's general character from his appearance—but this I can tell at the first glance, whether a man is potentially my enemy or my friend. In this judgment at first sight I have never yet found myself to be mistaken. The very moment the stranger entered the room where we sat, I conceived an intense dislike to him—a feeling that that man, if ever he were to cross my path, would prove a determined and formidable foe. At a glance we could see that he was an American. The sharp, eagle face, the slouching gait, and above all, the intensely free and easy manner indicated his nationality beyond the shadow of a doubt. Putting three chairs together, he stretched himself along them and set himself to stare calmly and persistently at Jack and myself. We were partly amused and partly annoyed at the insolence of the man; but, as we had finished our wine, we adjourned to the smoking-room. Soon after the American followed us into the other room, and reared himself up against the mantel-piece, while he gave out, for the benefit of all present, his opinions on things in general. Jack, who had got over his first feeling of disgust, seemed highly to enjoy the man's eccentricity, and to wish to draw him out as much as possible. Soon he grew tired of this amusement, so we resumed the talk we had been engaged in on the subject of the Alpine Club. Jack was thinking of joining it, and in reply to his questions, I gave a glowing description of all its glories. The harsh voice of the American broke upon our ears with the remark: "I calculate the Alpine Club is a tarnation humbug."

Jack looked delighted, and, giving a sly glance at me, proceeded to draw out our friend once more. "I hope, sir," he rejoined, in a most polite tone, "that you will give your reasons for that opinion, as I had thought of becoming a member; but, of course, would not do so, if convinced that the whole concern was a humbug."

"Wall, stranger, you could not do a know-finger thing than stay as you air. I guess they've named the thing wrong. It should be the 'Brag Company, Limited.' Some 'tarnal duffer that calls himself an A. C. goes up a mountain that all the folk near have known for years, and then writes to all the European papers to say that he has made a first ascent. I reckon they've raised the prices of every darned thing in Switzerland close on fifty per cent. Then they're such cheeky cusses to meet; and the greater the duffer the cheekier he is. Don't do it, stranger—don't do it."

"While this was going on, I sat by silent, but rapidly losing my temper. At last I could stand it no longer, and burst out with: 'This is mere vague abuse, sir. I will bet you any sum of money you choose to name that I will select a better mountaineer from the members of the club than any man you can name. Is that a fair offer?' The Alpine Club against the world."

"The Yankee looked me over from head to foot, and then drawled out: 'Wall, stranger, I guess I'll take your bet, if you'll let the mountaineering be between you and me. I lay you 10,000 dollars that before this time three years I'll have cut you out in tall climbing.'"

"I had spoken hastily, and was perfectly taken aback at being closed with so quickly. However, I was in for it now, and could not go back from my word. As coolly as I could, I said: 'Just as you like. Let the bet be between you and me. The sum you name will be as good as any other, but of course must be lodged by both parties before the matter is finally arranged.'"

"I calculate you're right, stranger. I won't be long before you hear from me about it. What do you say your name is?"

"Forbes—Henry Forbes."

"Mine is Zachariah Johnston, of New York City. Wall, I guess we're to meet here on this day three years, and whichever has first done the tallest and hardest mountain is to have the stakes. Shake hands on it, stranger—shake hands on it."

"Here I was obliged reluctantly to stretch out my hand to be grasped by the bony fingers of the other. After this, he tossed the end of his

cheroot into the fireplace and sauntered out of the room whistling 'Yankee Doodle.'

"The whole affair had not taken more than five minutes, so that Jack had not had time to interfere. His face, at the moment when the American left the room, was a study for an artist. Astonishment, amusement, and a sort of tragic horror were all struggling for expression. When the door was fairly shut, he burst into an immoderate fit of laughter which lasted for some time. 'Well, if I did not think it was all a joke,' at last he found breath to say. 'I should say it was as nasty a scrape as ever you got yourself into. Making a bet of £2,000 with an utter stranger. A bet that, if there were anything in it, would compel you to go roaming about the world for three years, and spend fabulous sums of money on nothing at all. I'll just go after him and explain that, of course nothing was meant by the thing, or else he will let that long tongue of his wag to such an extent, that we shall never hear the last of it.'"

"As he got up to leave the room the manager of the hotel came in with a very puzzled expression of countenance. 'Excuse me, sir, but are you Mr. Forbes?'"

"Yes, Forbes is my name."

"Well, sir, the American gentleman who has just left the house—very strange gentleman he appears to be—came to me a few moments ago and asked me to give you this slip of paper. But the strange part of the matter is, gentlemen, that he handed me a note of hand for £2,000 payable this day three years, for which I gave him a receipt. He said it was some bet he had made with you, Mr. Forbes, and that he would understand about it."

"I felt as if I were in a sort of serio-comic dream; but mechanically took the slip of paper of which the manager had spoken—there were only a very few words on it—'This day three years, May 19, 1885, at five in the afternoon, in the smoking-room, Langholm Hotel, Z. J.'"

"Where is the gentleman now?" I cried, starting from my chair.

"Immediately after speaking to me, he left the hotel, and calling a hansom, drove off."

"I sank back, seeing that I had been outwitted, and feeling very much inclined to use strong language."

"Jack came over to me, and, laying his hand on my shoulder, said, 'He's a sharp hand at a bargain; but cheer up, old fellow, we'll take the wind out of his sails before we've done with him. Let me see, now—I've just sold out of the 71st, and don't well know what to do with myself. So I'm your man for any mountainous exercise from this to Timbuctoo.'"

"Thanks, my dear fellow," cried I, grasping his hand; "but it won't do. I could not think of letting you go on this wild goose chase with me. Why, heaven only knows how long I shall be away from England; for do my utmost to win the bet I certainly shall."

"Don't talk any rubbish of that kind, about thanks. Why, I could not think of a more amusing employment, than seeing a little of the world, and at the same time cutting out our friend the Yankee. No, since I was partly the means of getting you into the scrape by talking at all to the man, I certainly mean to see you well out of it."

"So, after a great deal of talk, it was finally arranged that Jack Hilyar and I were to start together in search of the highest and most difficult mountains to be found. Of course, before anything more was done, we took care to find out that Mr. Zachariah Johnston was not a penniless adventurer, but had wherewithal to pay his debt, if he should lose. This point being ascertained, the next great question that arose was, what mountain we should attack. Switzerland had been long used up. Norway was voted too low for our purpose. The highest peaks of the Andes had already been attained. So that for a time we were at a loss. I suggested that it might be a good plan to cut out the American on his own soil, by conquering any peaks of the Rocky Mountains that were not already known to the Alpine Club; but, on careful consideration, we rejected the idea; as the hunters and trappers are familiar with them, and but little kudos is gained by a second ascent. A happy thought struck Jack. 'I have it,' he cried, 'Central Africa and the Mountains of the Moon.'"

"The more we talked the thing over the more we liked it. Utterly unknown to all Europeans, and surrounded by a sort of halo of mystery, these, of all others, were the mountains for us. Within a fortnight we had left London, laden with everything that could by any possibility be of use to us in our distant explorations, and a good many things which certainly could not be so. My life, for a few days before we started, was made a burden to me by the enthusiasm which Jack showed for buying all kinds of strange articles which he asserted might come in handy. Among these, I remember, were a circular saw, a churn, and a barrel-organ. The last he asserted would be invaluable in appeasing the minds of the natives. In spite of the amount of our impedimenta, we were more successful than most African travellers. Gaining information from every possible source, and accompanied by a perfect gang of natives from various tribes, who, in spite of their assertions, knew as little as we did ourselves, we wandered for nearly four months over hitherto untrodden ground before we even came in sight of the Moon Mountains. See them, however, we did; and there, in the midst of a mighty group, rose one giant peak, soaring far above the rest, and, in spite of the torrid zone, white with eternal snow."

"On asking, as well as we could, of the natives, what the name of this peak was, they re-

plied something that sounded like 'Mumph Jomb.' This delighted us immensely, as their name for it, corrupt as it seemed to be, was an evident confirmation of the idea contained in the ancient rhyme that Mumbo Jumbo inhabited the Mountains of the Moon."

"Well, sir, I need not trouble you with an account of all the difficulties we encountered before we reached the top of Mumph Jomb. So often were we driven back by storms, and mists, and falling stones, that the natives were confirmed in their original impression of the mountain being haunted, and absolutely refused to go with us any more."

"Jack and I were thus left alone to fight it out with the great peak, and at last we conquered it. It was the third day after we had been left alone that we cut our way up the last ice slope leading to the top. I happened to be first at the moment, and as the last step was cut, I sprang on to the clear space on the top with a wild cheer. The sight that met my eyes there, however, very nearly made me stagger back over the edge. Quietly seated on the very highest point was our friend Zachariah Johnston, picking his teeth with his bowie-knife. 'I reckon you're half an hour late, stranger,' he remarked, in a cheerful tone of voice. 'While you made tracks upon one side of this ere mountain, I did similar up the other; but I guess you'll have to grease your boots better if you want to beat me at that game.' With that he took off his hat, and with a low, mocking bow, wished us good morning. Three minutes later he was lost to view down the same side of the mountain that he had ascended by."

"I need hardly tell you that we felt greatly crushed by this melancholy termination of our first attempt, and it was in very low spirits indeed that we made our way down the mountain and returned, after some weeks' travelling, to Cairo."

"It was while staying there that a glorious plan developed itself in our brains, more ambitious and more daring than anything that had yet been conceived by man. We were in search of mountains, why not go to the highest of all mountains, the Himalayas? and, amongst these, why not attempt the highest of them all—Mount Everest? The highest mountain in the world! We became perfectly fascinated by the idea. By day we talked of nothing else, and at night, Mount Everest haunted our dreams."

"At first, we feared that it would be hopeless attempting it, on account of the very rare state of the atmosphere on the top; but, on examining records of balloon ascents, we found to our relief, that aeronauts had been to even greater heights without experiencing any very great difficulty in breathing. Before starting for the Himalayas, we sent to England for several things which we conceived necessary for our new undertaking; amongst others, for a small balloon. This last was owing to a suggestion of mine, as I fancied it might, in some cases, prove useful. I also wrote to Grindelwald for two of the best guides at that time in Switzerland—Cachat and Morel, offering them such liberal terms, that I felt sure they would agree to come. Of these two, I knew Cachat personally, and had more than once had occasion to see his skill at ice work, so you may imagine my annoyance when I got a letter from him, saying that he could not go, as he was already engaged for a distant expedition, by another monsieur; he thought he was an American monsieur who had engaged him. This was unfortunate, but Morel was able to come, and duly met us at Alexandria. After a successful voyage and a somewhat uninteresting journey through the plains of Northern India, we at last reached the base of the great mountain chain containing innumerable vast forms, beside which Mont Blanc would appear an insignificant hillock. Well, here began our difficulties; we were obliged to organize a large body of natives to act as porters. I being quite uncertain how many weeks, or even months, we might be far removed from human habitation, it was, of course, necessary to bring a very large supply of provisions, as well as tents, warm clothing, and the implements which we hoped to make use of in the ascent. The best maps of that region which we had been able to procure in Bombay were so utterly inaccurate, that it was impossible to depend on them in the least. Having reached the base of Mount Everest itself, we found it necessary to take a sort of rough survey ourselves, and to make a number of preliminary excursions on the sides of the mountain. We established a camp about 12,000 feet above sea level, which, from the vast height of the plateau, was scarcely above the base of the mountain itself. We found, however, that the natives could not stand a greater amount of cold than that. Morel, Jack, and I used to make expeditions high up on the sides of the neighboring mountains, armed with a good glass, and from thence try to see our best route in attacking Everest. Till about half the distance to the top had been passed we saw that we should have nothing but vast snow-fields, but then it would be necessary to pass along a terrible arête—steep, and bounded by frightful precipices. After a careful examination of this through the glass, the Swiss guide pronounced it to be very difficult, but not impossible. Beyond this there seemed to be a perpendicular ice-wall; but we knew how deceptive such things are when looked at in the face, especially at such a distance, and trusted to being able to cut our way up it. We waited till there seemed to be a prospect of settled fine weather, and then, early one morning, the three of us started from our camp, laden with provisions for several days, blankets, and my precious balloon in a little silk case. In the highest spirits, we ascended steadily,

roped, of course, over miles of unbroken snow. Occasionally one or other of us would disappear down a hidden crevasse, but the others soon pulled him out. When night came on we scooped a large hole in the snow, and, wrapped in our blankets, did not feel much the worse for the intense cold. For three days we were on this giant snow slope, and, during this part of the ascent, experienced less difficulty than we had expected. But on the fourth day, we came to the point where it was necessary to take to the terrible arête which we had observed previously with the glass. Without exception, it was the most terrific place I have ever found myself on. For seven hours we had to advance, step by step, along that fearful knife-like edge. A perpendicular precipice, nearly four miles in sheer depth, yawned on our right, and on our left was a snow slope so steep that a single slip must of necessity prove fatal. Fortunately, none of the party did slip; and at last, to our great relief, we got to the end of the arête, and found ourselves on a comparatively smooth plateau of frozen snow. We pushed on rapidly, till we came to an ice-wall, directly barring our way, and so perpendicular that we could not entertain the thought of cutting our way up it. Under this we halted for the night, though beginning to feel very much the effects of the rare atmosphere and the intense cold. None of us were able to close an eye that night, and at earliest dawn I got the apparatus ready for filling the balloon. In a couple of hours all was prepared; and as the little car would only hold one, I volunteered to be the first to try it. A long rope was attached to the car, which the others let out as I ascended. As soon as the top of the ice-wall was reached, I got out and fastened the rope securely to a huge block of ice, and the others, without difficulty, pulled themselves up. We left the rope there to assist our descent, and pressed on to the summit. We were now on a small level plateau, from the centre of which rose a cone. This we could see at a glance must be the top. It was with great difficulty that we could breathe, but the excitement made us forget everything. The three of us together rushed up the cone, and in another moment a frantic shout—frantic though weak and quivering—announced that we had attained to the summit of Mount Everest—that we stood on the highest spot in the world. I cannot describe to you the ecstasy of the moment—more than repaying the long months of preparation, and toll, and weariness which we had gone through. And above all came the thought that now at length my honor was secured—that there was no danger of the American ever rivaling the feat of to-day.

"But soon came other and nobler thoughts. 'How wonderful it is to consider,' I soliloquized, 'that this snow has never been trodden by the foot of man—that never, during the thousands of years which have rolled over the world since the time of the flood, has the eternal stillness of the mountain-top been broken by aught save the howling of the blast.'

"That's a very fine idea of yours about the flood," interrupted Jack, "but, hanged if I ever knew before that the Antediluvians used to go in for soda-water."

"As he spoke, he held up a soda-water bottle which he had noticed sticking up through the snow. I feel sure that I grew very pale as I snatched it from his hand, and drew out the cork. A slip of paper was inside, and on it were written the following words:

"Zachariah Johnston, April 1st, 1884." Just a week before the day I read it.

"Well, sir, I need hardly finish my story; I think I have gone far enough to show that I have good reason to dislike betting."

THE WINDS OF THE WEST.

Sumner was a mushroom city which had sprung up on the banks of a ravine that cut through the western bluffs of the Missouri. In a thicket of oak saplings, high up on the side of one of those bluffs, stood a hastily built house, sided with rough, upright cottonwood boards—as are many of its Western neighbors—a rusty stove-pipe sticking through the roof; a small window, curtained by a scalloped-edge newspaper, and a white door taken from a sunken steamboat, whose nicely finished panels contrasted strangely with its surroundings, completing the exterior.

One pleasant May evening, just as the shrill whistle of a steamboat echoed among the hills, this door was opened by a pleasant young woman who was followed by a crying child.

"O Sammy, quit your noise; that's pappy's little man; see the great big boat 'way yonder"—lifting him up; "don't you see? look right sharp now, close ag'in the bank. Does Sammy want to go down town and see the big boat, and see pappy?" The willing feet toddled down the path; but the mother called, "Wait a bit, and mammy 'll pack Sammy;" and, tying on a pink sunbonnet, she took him in her arms and started down the steep, crooked path.

It was a picturesque scene that lay before her. The sunlight, sifting through the trees that covered the western hills, glistened the windows here and there and reached, like a golden bar, just across the top of the forest on the low eastern shore. Scattered through the hollow and up the sides of the bluffs were divers houses, from the pretentious Gothic dwelling on the northern hill and the brick business houses down street, to log cabins and cottonwood shanties; while the road that wound up the bed of

the ravine was lined with a long, white train of Denver-bound freight-wagons.

She reached the steep main street to find it filled with wagons that had been turned cross-wise of the street to rest the teams. But, edging her way close to the clay bank, she reached the river just as the steamer was leaving the wharf. The snorting of the engine and the shouting of the deck-hands, together with the puffing of the mill near by, was too much for baby's bravery, and Sammy's lips began to quiver. Catching him in her arms, his mother sat down on a saw-log, saying, "There, there, honey, don't be afeared; be pappy's man, now."

The tide-waves of the receding boat sank lower and lower on the sand; the gay crowd that leaned over the guards grew indistinct, and she peered more and more eagerly in among the tall cottonwood trees on the opposite shore. At length four men came out of the woods and, entering a skiff, started across the river. She watched the skiff anxiously, for it frequently disappeared between the waves which were raised by the strong south wind—such winds belonging as proverbially to Kansas Springs as whooping-cough to children or gapes to chickens.

Four rough-looking men, in red woolen shirts—for lumbermen did not pretend to wear coats, except in the coldest weather—jumped out of the skiff, and, with boisterous laughter and rude jests, entered the mill. Presently one of them spied her, and came towards her, saying boisterously, "Hoorah for you, Nancy! Whatever brought you 'uns down 'ere this time of evening? Mighty fine doins, when you oughter be to home gettin' your old man a bite o' supper! Packed that young 'un down, too, I'll bet! Reckon you'd as well get back, right quick, now!" He snatched the baby from her and tossed him on his shoulder, shouting, "Hoorah for pappy's man! Peertest boy in this 'ere town! Mighty proud to see his pap!" Poor Nancy! Her husband was drunk again.

She hurried by the street, pinning her deep sunbonnet more closely about her face, that the passers might not see the tears that would come. He had kept sober so long that she had hoped he would come home sober again. She had anticipated so much pleasure on meeting him, after his week's absence. How often she had thought of it in those long, lonely nights, when she had only her child and her thoughts for company.

It took but a few minutes to put supper on the table. Then she sat down on the door-step to watch for her husband, worrying all the time lest he let something happen to Sammy. When at last he came, the effects of the liquor were wearing off, and he ate his supper and smoked his pipe in sullen silence. She could not eat a mouthful, but she dared not let the tears come, for she knew that it would make him angry. So she fed Sammy, laying her face on his little head once in a while, to force back the choking lump that kept rising in her throat. Then she hastened to rock him asleep, lest his fretfulness disturb his father.

The first peep of dawn found her busily preparing breakfast, for she knew that John wanted an early start. The sound of the coffee-mill woke him from his heavy sleep, and he lay quietly watching her by the light of the dim grease lamp, as she moved quickly back and forth from table to stove; from thence to the little row of shelves, in lieu of a cupboard, setting on the dishes, watching the bacon, and taking the crisp corn-dodger from the oven. "She is a dear, good wife," thought he; "what a scoundrel I was to make her feel so badly." He knew that he had been rough to her the night before. He wished that he could remember what he said. Of course, he never got drunk, but he wished that he ever could let whiskey alone.

His breakfast was just to his liking, and his wife as cheerful as if he was the best man in the world. He wanted to say something pleasant to break the awkward silence, but he did not know how to begin. He had an uncomfortable feeling that he ought to beg her pardon, but, being a man, of course he did not condescend to that. At length he began by saying, "You was right peert about your breakfast this mornin', Nancy."

"Oh, I allowed most likely you'd want to get off soon," she answered.

"Yes, Jones wants us there ag'in' sun-up. It's only a fifty-log raft; reckon we can get it down to Leavenworth ag'in the night train starts, and I'll get right on, and be back to Atchison afore day. Don't catch me foolin' away another day 'round that old fort."

"Oh, John! I'm so proud!"—she paused abruptly, for his eyes dropped with a look of bonseious shame. What mood was he in? Would it do to speak then? He had shoved cack from the table, and there was a serious, far-away look in his eyes, but nothing sullen or forbidding. She went around, and dropping on her knees beside him, slipped her arms about his neck, saying: "Oh, John, I wish you'd promise me you'd never drink no more whiskey."

"That's most too hard on a fellow; but I'll promise not to—not drink too much ag'in," he answered.

"But I'm afeared that wouldn't do no good."

"You talk like you thought I hadn't sense enough to stop when I've got enough, if I try," he exclaimed.

"O, John, don't talk so; you know you promised me that night onto a year ago; but you think you'll just take one dram, and then just one more, and afore you know it, it's too much. If you'd only promise now that you'd never taste nary drop ag'in."

"Still he kept his eyes steadily turned away from hers.

"Don't you mind, now," she went on, "how your mother said one time, 'I reckon, Nancy, you count John a mighty rough chap, but he's all right at the core;' and don't you mind how she used to pray for you in them old times? Don't you mind the evenin' we heard her praying down by the old spring? If she's watching you among the stars, how proud she'd be to hear you promise. And, John," she continued, dropping her voice to a whisper, "I pray, too, sometimes, I haven't never told you, but I've been feeling right serious here of late. I've taken to readin' my Bible, and I've just made up my mind to live better'n I used to; and pray for you, too, and it seems like God hears me." And she laid her head on his shoulder to hide her tears.

His arms slipped around her, but he still kept his eyes turned stubbornly away from hers. At last, laying his face against hers, he spoke earnestly: "Yes, Nancy, I promise."

Presently, starting up, he exclaimed, "If I haven't stayed till plum daylight!"

"O John! come and kiss baby afore you go, he looks so sweet. Sammy! Sammy! wake up, honey, and kiss pappy."

"Bless his sleepy eyes! Pappy's little man! I'll bring him some candy when I come home ag'in."

All day Nancy went about with such a light, cheery heart as she had not carried in her bosom for many a day; singing snatches of old hymns, and thinking happy, hopeful thoughts of him who, all those long hours, was working his rudder against the strong current of the Missouri.

That evening the stars shone brightly down upon her, when she knelt down by the little window, and asked God's blessings on her husband and his good resolutions.

But she was awakened a few hours afterwards by a rush and confusion, a shower of glass and hail across her bed; and, catching her baby in her arms, she sprang up, frightened and bewildered. It was a terrible storm; one long to be remembered by all who felt its terrors. The deafening roar of the wind and hail almost drowned the loud thunder-claps. A blinding flash of lightning showed the trees almost bent to the ground, and the house rocked to and fro like a cradle. She suddenly felt a new, strange feeling, as if she was flying, floating, through the air. She thought she was dizzy, and caught hold of the bed. A terrible crash—she never knew how it all happened! Her baby's cries aroused her. The wind and rain chilled her through. She started to spring up, but something held her down. A shock of pain darted, over her, and putting out her hand, she felt a great beam lying heavily across her limbs. It seemed as though it was crushing her. Something struck her, then another, and another. How they stung! Oh! was her child unsheltered from that pitiless storm? His screams grew louder. Oh! she must reach him! She could see nothing through the thick darkness, but she knew that he was not far off. What if he, too, was fastened, crippled? She stretched her arms; every movement made her pain more excruciating. She strained every nerve; she could almost reach him. What if he was free and could come to her? "O Sammy! Sammy!" she called, "come to mammy!" The child ceased crying. She heard him move. His warm body touched her hands that were groping in the darkness. She caught him in her arms and hugged him to her breast. She felt, of his head, his arms, his feet; sound and whole. How thankful she was for that. But how those cruel hailstones must have bruised him. She rested him on the ground and crouched over him; she could move just enough for that. The frightened child ceased crying, and put his arm about her neck. If she could only find something to cover them from the storm. She reached around, but could touch only cold mud.

Oh! that terrible pain! She had almost forgotten it in her anxiety for her child. It grew more and more intolerable. It seemed as though the hail-stones struck through into her brain. What if they killed her! Was she afraid to die? Visions of eternity, of the heaven of her faith, rose before her. Should she dwell with God and the angels forever? Was it possible that there never would be an end? No, she was not afraid of death. But her child, her husband—how could she leave them? Not yet! No, no, when life opened before her? She must live to help John keep his promise. God would spare her for that. How long it would be until morning. How could she bear the pain so long? Oh! it would be terrible if John should come and find her lying there, cold and stiff. John did love her, oh! so well. He had loved her so long. It seemed so many years since he first told her that he loved her. It was on the mountain side in dear old Tennessee. How far away it seemed. How the sun shone and the birds sang. How dreamy and bewildered her thoughts were. How still the baby was. Yes, she could feel his heart beat. She no longer felt the pelt of the storm; had it ceased?

Her thought was answered by a rush of wind from a new direction. She felt the great weight lifting off from her. She was free! Then—something struck her. The train went snorting into Winthrop just at daylight. John jumped off and was the first to reach the ferry. He had never seen Atchison so quiet. With the exception of those who had crossed on the ferry and a few early risers who were hurrying up the street, the town seemed asleep; but as he passed Commercial street, he saw a man who was riding a mule, coming down in great haste, who cried out, "How d'y, John!"

"Why, Jake?" he replied, "Is that you?" I

allowed you was half way to Denver afore now."

"We started yesterday, but we had a powerful storm on the prairie out here, last night. We chanced to be right near to a house and they let us in; but it sent our old wagons rolling over and across the prairie, like a patch of tumble-weeds, and our oxen are all stampeded; I'm on the hunt of 'em."

"It don't look like it had reached Atchison."

"No; I reckon it just took a streak."

John hurried on down the river. The road ran so near the bank that the steady swash of the water seemed under his feet. The birds were singing in the trees, and the sunshine came creeping down the bluffs overhead. How eager he was to get home that morning. His heart was full of new plans and new purposes. He could keep his promise, and he would; he would never make Nancy's heart ache again by breaking that promise. He stopped suddenly—had the storm reached Sumner? The tall buildings along the wharf were leaning roofless, one this way, another that; as if the wind, coming over the bluffs, had reached just low enough to unroof them. He hastened around the foot of the hill; there lay the brick hotel, the boast of the town, in scattered fragments on the ground, like a wasp's nest scattered by the housekeeper's broom. He looked around; three-fourths of the town lay in ruins. How was it with his home? He ran up the street until he could see where it stood. Gone! Not a vestige of it left. And his family? Perhaps they had escaped before the storm; perhaps—Scarce knowing what he did, he hurried to the nearest house that was yet standing, and without ceremony opened the door. There was no one in the room, but on a couch in one corner, a white sheet "sunk to the still proportions" of two silent forms. Move by some strange impulse, he turned back the covering that shrouded the faces—Nancy and the baby! Shocked, stunned, he sank on his knees and laid his face on that dear form. Who can describe, who can comprehend the utter desolation of that hour? None but those who have felt it. Oh, the thoughts and memories that crowded upon him—many of them bitter, regretful thoughts. But there was one memory for which he was thankful; that he had not listened to the tempter which whispered to him yesternight that it would be weak and unmanly to yield to her request.

They found him there an hour afterwards, but he asked no questions, made no reply to their attempts at consolation, and they left him alone with his dead.

There was "hurrying to and fro" in Sumner that day, for many were left homeless, many bruised and crippled by the storm. And the mourners who wended their way up the long hill to the burying ground were as sad as though the silence had been broken by the tolling of solemn bells.

HONORABLE HONORS.—In a conversation reported in the Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution, a duellist named Colonel Say is reported as remarking: "I have been engaged in forty-two affairs of honor as principal and second, and I concur with you fully in your suggestions. It is the duty of a second to prevent a resort to arms if possible. I recollect in one of the first duels I ever fought I came very near losing my life by having a fool for a second. He allowed me to fight the best swordsman in Europe with a rapier. I, at that time was not so proficient as I am now in the use of that weapon, and considered my life as good as lost, but met my antagonist, and, after parrying a few of his thrusts, was compelled to allow him to pass his sword entirely through my stomach, the point coming out at my backbone. As I stood thus transfixed, it occurred to my mind to do an act which I have never heard of being equalled before or since. I, with my left hand, with remarkable presence of mind, coolness, and firmness, seized my adversary's blade, holding it so firmly that he could neither turn it nor pull it out, and in that position plunged my sword entirely through my adversary's left breast up to the hilt, just one inch and a half above his heart; and what is remarkable is that we both recovered."

A TRIBUTE TO THIERS.—The French residents of California have decided upon a suitable testimonial for presentation to M. Thiers in the shape of a magnificent album, twelve inches long and nine wide, costing about \$1,650. The materials of which it is composed include gold, silver, diamonds, quartz, agates, and ten different kinds of California wood. The wood, which forms the body of the volume, comprises laurel, oak, cedar, and several other varieties peculiar to the State. The precious metals are set in the wood—gold on one side and silver on the other. On the former is a monogram in diamonds formed by the two letters A. and T. neatly interlaced. Eight different sorts of wood are worked into the back, in the centre of which is a shield, with the inscription of "Gratitude—1873." The clasp, which represents two hands clasped in friendship, is opened by pressing a little diamond button. Inside of the album there is a plate, on which are inscribed the most memorable acts in which M. Thiers has participated since the declaration of war between Germany and France in 1870. On the first page is the address asking the recipient to accept the testimonial, regretting the vote of May 25th last, which deposed M. Thiers from the Presidency, and expressing the hope that the Government will remain republican. Then come the signatures, nearly 2,200 in number, covering 128 pages.

NIGHT AND MORNING DREAMS.

I wake from dreams of the night,
And the stars aloft are coldly gleaming,
My dream is dark and strange with woe;
Oh foolish heart! dost thou not know
The dreams that are dreamed 'neath the stars'
pale light
Are nought but idle dreaming!

I wake from dreams of the morn,
And the sun on high is shining fairly,
The lark in the blue is singing far,
Seeking in vain for the midnight star,
And buds of the roses newly born
Blush through their dew-drops pearly.

My dream hath fled from the light,
But my heart is warm where its face was shin-
ing;

Oh happy heart! thou knowest well
What the morning dream doth sure foretell,
Thine onward path will be glad and bright,
Arise! and forswear repining!

A BUFFALO FIGHT.

Appearances indicated that this shaggy old fellow had been making a very good fight of it for several days. I dare say that in the maintenance of his social status he had gone back into the herd and stared at his descendants, and pawed and groaned, as much as fifty times. The long hair upon his huge neck was tangled and pulled into tufts of it hung loose and unkempt. The outer fibres of his huge black horns hung in filaments and splinters. His wicked little eyes had a reddish glare, and his beard was limp and froth-wet beneath his chin. Nor was this all. Sundry long, oblique, hairless lines appeared on his flank, and he put his left forefoot down tenderly, very likely remembering, at the same time, a square jounce he had got yesterday in the shoulder, from some strong-necked youngster that had taken it upon himself to whip his father.

He stood a little upon the outskirts now, his head towards me, pretending to eat grass. It was as nice herbage as a bull, whose teeth were probably none of the very best, could wish—the first tender growth of the early spring. But still he did not seem to enjoy it. At intervals of a minute or so he would look round quickly over his shoulder and groan, and stand thinking, and then pretend to eat again. To this distressful pantomime the ten thousand shaggy grazers paid not the least attention. They were busy. I could hear them cropping the grass, as I lay there, with a continuous rasping sound. It was only too evident that of all those cows whom he had so often combed into curliness with his long tongue of sunny mornings, and led and herded and fought for; of all the little, stupid, hump-backed, stump-tailed calves, his own offspring, there was not one who did not wish him disposed of according to buffalo destiny, or who cared how soon his last fight with the coyotes was over, and his monument skull left standing upon its jagged base on the bleak hill-top, with scarce so much as a thigh-bone or a tuft of brown hair by way of obituary.

But this old one was still a buffalo and a bull, and he kept surreptitiously getting nearer and nearer to the ragged border of the herd.

Presently a calf came towards him slowly and in an investigatory sort of way, its little black nose wet and wrinkled, its little brown flanks distended with fullness, and the white milk-froth depending in long threads from its mouth. Gradually and slowly he went up to his father, and the two had just touched noses amicably when the mother also took it into her head to be friendly, and came too. Then came another cow, and another, and presently quite a little wing of the herd had gathered there, and the battered old warrior looked around him complacently. This kind of thing had doubtless happened so often that I wonder he did not seem to think of the result, but he did not. He might have known that he had arrived at that age when the young bloods of the herd would not look complacently upon his hoary gallantries. He was simply laying the plans for another fight, and the trouble began in the very midst of his content.

A fellow as big as the old one must have seen this social gathering from some distance, and threw out certain intimations of his approach by little puffs of dust which flew high in the air above the crowd, and by ominous snortings and lugubrious groans. The old one stopped chewing with a green mouthful between his lips, and listened. The cows looked round with the complacent expression which seemed to say that the fight was none of theirs, and crowded off upon either side, and very soon the antagonists stood facing each other. The old boy straightened out his wisp of a tail to a line with his back, gathered his four black hoofs together, arched his spine, and placed his nose close to the sod, shaking his huge head as though he wished to satisfy himself finally of its freedom from any entanglement which would hinder him from just tossing that ambitious youngster over his back and breaking him in two. The other came slowly, twisting his tail from side to side in semicircles which were very deliberate and grand for so small an organ. He took pains to make it distinctly appear that every hair he wore was angry. His eyes rolled in constantly increasing redness. His black, sharp horns were encrusted with earth gathered while he

had been tearing the sod in the ecstasy of valor. His nostrils were distended, and he halted in his slow advance to toss the broken sod high over his shoulders with his pawing. He was, in a natural way, a tactician. He made flank movements, and turned his shaggy sides, first one and then the other, towards his huge antagonist.

But this by-play of battle only hindered the final onset—they by no means intended to take it out in vaporing. The challenger advanced within some four feet, getting angrier and angrier as he came. Suddenly there was a crash which had in it something Homeric. One rattling onset of that kind leaves one in no doubt as to why the short, strong horns of the buffaloes have a splintered appearance at the apices. Then there was a long, steady push, in which every tendon of the huge bodies was strained to the uttermost. Then there was a strategic easing off, then a sudden, gladiatorial thrust, which pressed the huge heads to the ground in an even balance of strength. Neither beast dared relax a muscle or retreat an inch, for fear of that fatal charge upon the flank, or that dangerous twist of the neck, which means defeat.

And now the cows returned and looked complacently on, and the very calves began to shake their heads in the first vague instinct of combativeness inspired by the battle of the bulls. And the young lordlings of the herd distended their nostrils and elevated their tails, but forbore any interference. It was a *duel à outrance*. A momentary relaxation of the tremendous strain only resulted in the shaggy heads coming together again with a dull thump, and a renewal of the dogged pushing which might have moved a freight-train. It was a matter of lungs and endurance, and white froth began to drop in long, tenacious strings from their lips, and the red eyes to glare dimly through what seemed clots of blood. I could hear the labored breathing where I lay, and see the tendons stand out across the thighs and along the thick necks.

But this dead set of strength could not last always. Every moment of time was telling disastrously upon the shorter wind and decaying strength of the old crusader, who still fought for the loves of his youth. His foot slipped, and the intelligence of this slight disaster seemed to reach his antagonist quicker than a flash of light. No gladiator ever urged his advantage more suddenly. There was a huge lunge, a sound of horn slipping upon each other, a spring forward, and the horns of the younger bull had made a raking upward stroke through his antagonist's flank. The fight now became brisk. Again and again the old one turned and tried to make the old stand of head to head, and as often his more active antagonist caught him behind the shoulder. With the red agony of defeat in his eye, and the blood trickling from the long wounds in his flanks, he still refused to be conquered. With failing strength and limbs which refused any longer to serve him, he finally stood at bay, with open mouth and hanging tongue, unable to fight and disdaining to retreat. His antagonist pushed him, and he yielded doggedly. He made no attempt to shield his flank, and pitifully endured all that came. The original plan of non-interference was abandoned, and the young lords gathered round him and snorted and shook their heads, and gave him an occasional dig in the ribs by way of expressing their contempt for him. The cows came and sniffed at him, and indulged in spiteful feminine butts and walked away. Their manner implied that they had always regarded him as a disagreeable old muf, and they were glad he finally understood their heartfelt sentiments. In regard to him, however, they were not so sure.

Through all this the old fellow stood unresisting, whipped, but still obstinate. Gradually they all left him to himself, and the herd wandered further away. He did not even look around; he was probably forced at last to accept his sentence of banishment, and go and live as long as he could alone, and fight his last fight with the coyotes, and die.

But that calf came out to see him again. I say that calf, because it seemed to me the same that had brought on this last unpleasantness, though for that matter they are all alike. The calf came and arched its back and pawed, and elevated its nine-inch tail in front of him, and gave him to understand by the plainest kind of language that it held itself in readiness to give him a most terrible drubbing, if he had not already had enough. It was comical to see him imitate the actions of his seniors, while the poor old bull did not so much as look at him. But his calfship was inclined to push matters, and finally made a pass which placed his foolish head with a considerable thump against the soft part of the old man's nose. Then he stood a moment with the air of having hurt himself a little, and toddled off to his mother.

The old one did not move an inch, and seemed hardly to notice this babyish persecution. But I suspect it broke his heart. He wandered limping and slowly down towards the sedge, and I lay there forgetful of the long army musket beside me, regretting that there had been no one else there to bet with during the battle, or to stand up like a man and confirm this story afterwards. The sun rose high over the prairie, the wind veered, there was a sudden panic, and the herd vanished beyond the hills, leaving me to plod back to camp.

A VIRGINIA auctioneer pulled out a revolver and announced, "If any man goes frolicking about while this sale is going on, I shall interrupt his career. Put them guns over by the fence, an' leave 'em thar."

THE RAPIDS.

Midnight on board a steamboat, a full moon, and a soft panorama of the shores of St. Lawrence gliding by like a vision. I thus assume the dramatic prerogative of introducing my readers at once to the scene of my story, and with the same time-saving privilege, I introduce my *dramatis personæ*, a gentleman and lady promenading the deck, with the slow step so natural on a summer's night, when your company is agreeable.

The lady leaned familiarly on the arm of her companion as they walked to and fro, sometimes looking at the moon and sometimes at her pretty feet, as they stole out, one after the other, into the moonlight. She was a tall, queenly person, somewhat *embonpoint*, but extremely graceful. Her eye was of a dark blue, shaded with lashes of remarkable length, and her features, though irregular, were expressive of great vivacity and more than ordinary talent. She wore her hair, which was of a deep chestnut, in the *Madonna* style, simply parted, and her dress throughout had the chaste elegance of good taste—the *tournure* of fashion without the extravagance.

Her companion was a tall, well-formed young man, very handsome, with a frank and prepossessing expression of countenance, and the fine freedom of step and air which characterize the well-bred gentleman. He was dressed fashionably but plainly, and wore whiskers, in compliance with the prevailing mania. His tone was one of rare depth and melody, and as he bent slightly and gracefully to the lady's ear, its low, rich tenderness had the irresistible fascination for which the human voice is sometimes so remarkable.

Miss Viola Clay and Mr. Frank Gresham, the hero and heroine of this true story, I should have told you before, were cousins. They had met lately after a separation of many years, and as the lady had in the meantime become the proudest woman in the world, and the gentleman had been abroad, and wore whiskers, and had, besides, a cousin's *carte blanche* for his visits, there was reason to believe they would become very well acquainted. Frank had been at home but a very few months when he was invited to join the party with which he was now making the fashionable tour. He had seen Viola every day since his return, and had more to say to her than to all the rest of his relatives together. He would sit for hours with her in the deep recesses of the windows, telling his adventures when abroad. At least it was so presumed, as he talked all the time, and she was profoundly attentive. It was thought, too, he must have seen some affecting sights, for now and then his descriptions made her sigh audibly, and once the color was observed to mount to her very temples—doubtless from strong sympathy with some touching distress.

Frank joined the party for the tour, and had, at the time we speak of, been several weeks in their company. They had spent nearly a month among the lakes, and were now descending by their grand outlet to Montreal. Many a long walk had been taken, and many a romantic scene had been gazed upon during their absence, and the lady had many a time wandered away with her cousin, doubtless for the want of a more agreeable companion. She was indefatigable in seeing the celebrated places, from every point, and made excursions which the gouty feet of her father, or the etiquette of a stranger's attendance would have forbidden in these cases. Frank's company was evidently a convenience, and over hill and dale, through glen and cavern, he had borne her delicate arm by the precious privilege of cousinship.

There's nothing like a cousin. It is the sweetest relation in human nature. There is no excitement in loving your sister, and courting a lady in the face of a strange family requires the nerve of a martyr, but your dear familiar cousin, with her provoking maidenly reserve, and her bewitching freedoms, and the romping frolics, and the stolen tenderness over the skein of silk, that will get tangled—and then the long rides, which nobody talks about, and the long *tête-à-têtes* which are nobody's business, and the long letters of which nobody pays the postage—no, there is nothing like a cousin—a young, gay, beautiful witch of a cousin.

Till within a few days, Frank had enjoyed a monopoly of the lady Viola's condescensions; but their party had been increased lately by a young gentleman who introduced himself to papa as the son of an old friend, and proceeded immediately to a degree of especial attention which relieved our hero exceedingly of his duties.

Mr. Erastus Van Pelt was a tall, thin person, with an aquiline nose, and a forehead that retreated till it was lost in the distance. It was evident at the first glance that he was high *ton*. The authenticity of his style, even on board a steamboat, distanced imitation immeasurably. The angle of his bow had been an insoluble problem from his *début* at the dancing school till the present moment, and his quizzing-glass was thrown up to his eye with a grace that would have put Brummel to the blush. From the square toe of his pump to the loop of his gold chain he was a perfect wonder. Everybody smiled on Mr. Erastus Van Pelt.

This accomplished gentleman looked with an evil eye on our hero. He had the magnanimity not to cut him outright, as he was the lady's cousin, but tolerated him on the first day with a cold civility, which he intended should amount to a cut on the second. Frank thought him, thus far, very amusing; but when he came fre-

quently in the way of his attentions to his cousin, and once or twice raised his glass at his remarks, with the uncomprehending "Sir!" he was observed to stroke his black whiskers with a very ominous impatience. Further acquaintance by no means mended the matter, and Frank's brow grew more and more cloudy. He had already alarmed Mr. Van Pelt with a glance of his eye that could not be mistaken, and anticipated his "cut direct" by at least some hours, when the lady Viola took him aside, and bound over his thumb and finger to keep the peace towards the invisible waist of his adversary.

A morning or two after this precaution, the boat was bending in toward a small village which terminates the safe navigation above the rapids of the Split Rock. Coaches were waiting on shore, to convey passengers to the next still water, and the mixed population of the little village, attracted by the arrival, was gathered in a picturesque group on the landing. There was the Italian-looking Canadian, with his clear olive complexion and open neck, his hat slouched carelessly, and the indispensable red sash hanging from his waist; and the still, statue-like Indian with the incongruous blanket and belt, hat and moccasin costume of the border; and the tall inquisitive-looking Vermontese—all mingled together like the figures in a painter's study.

Miss Clay sat on the deck, surrounded by her party. Frank, at a little distance, stood looking into the water with the intenseness of a statue, and Mr. Van Pelt leveled his glass at the "horrid creatures" on shore, and expressed his elegant abhorrence of their *sawagerie* in a fine-spun *falsetto*. As its last thin tone melted, he turned and spoke to the lady with an air evidently more familiar than her dignity for the few first days seemed to have warranted. There was an expression of ill-concealed triumph in his look, and an uncompromised turning of his back on our *penseroso*, which indicated an advance in relative importance; and though Miss Clay went on with the destruction of her card of distances, just as if there was nobody in the world but herself, the conversation was well sustained till the last musical superlative was curtailed by the whizz of the escape valve.

As the boat touched the pier, Frank awoke from his reverie, and announced his intention of taking a boat down the rapids. Viola objected to it at first as a dangerous experiment; but when assured by him that it was perfectly safe, and that the boat, during the whole passage, would be visible from the coach, she opposed it no further. Frank then turned to Mr. Van Pelt, and, to her astonishment, politely requested his company. The dandy was thunderstruck. To his comprehension it was offering him a private interview with a bear. "No, sir," said he, with a nervous twirl of his glass round his forefinger.

Miss Clay, however, insisted on his acceptance of the invitation. The prospect of his company, without the restraint of Frank's presence, and a wish to foster the good feeling from which she thought the offer proceeded, were sufficient motives for perseverance, and on the ground that his beautiful cap was indispensable to the picturesque effect, she would take no denial. Most reluctantly his consent was at last given, and Frank sprang on shore with an accommodating readiness to find boatmen for the enterprise.

He found his errand was a difficult one. The water was uncommonly low, and at such times the rapids are seldom passed even by the most daring. The old voyageurs received his proposition with shrugs and volumes of *patois*, in which he could only distinguish adjectives of terror. By promises of extravagant remuneration, however, he prevailed on four athletic Canadians to row him to Coteau du Lac. He then took them aside, and by dint of gesture and bad French, made them comprehend that he wished to throw his companion into the river. For "a consideration" they would upset the bateau in a convenient place below the rapids, and insure Mr. Van Pelt's subsequent existence at the forfeit of the reward. A simultaneous "*Gardez-vous!*" was to be the signal for action.

The coaches had already started when Frank again stood on the pier, and were pursuing slowly the beautiful road on the bank of the river. He almost repented his rash determination for a moment, but the succeeding thought was one of pride, and he sprang lightly into the bateau at the "*Allons!*" of the impatient boatmen.

Mr. Van Pelt was already seated, and as they darted rapidly away with the first stroke of the oars, the voyageur at the helm commenced a low recitative. At every alternate line, the others joined in a loud but not inharmonious chorus, and the strokes were light or deep as the leader indicated, by his tone, the necessity of rapidity or deliberation. In a few minutes they reached the tide, and as the boat swept violently on, the oars were shipped, and the boatmen crossing themselves and mumbling a prayer to the saint, sat still, and looked anxiously forward. It was evidently much worse than Mr. Van Pelt had anticipated. Frank remarked upon the natural beauties of the river, but he had no eye for scenery. He sat on a low seat grasping the sides of the boat with a tenacity as unphilosophical as it was out of character for his delicate fingers. The bateau glided like a bird round the island which divides the river, and, steering for the middle of the stream, was in a moment hurrying with its whole velocity onward. The Split Rock, was, as yet, far below, but the intermediate distance was a succession of rapids, and though not much dreaded by those accustomed to the navigation, they were to a stranger sufficiently appalling. The river was tossed like a stormy sea, and the large waves,

thrown up from the sunken rocks, came rolling back upon the tide, and dashing over the boat, flung her off like a tiny shell. Mr. Van Pelt was in a profuse perspiration. His knees, drawn up to his head by the acute angle of his posture, knocked violently together, and no persuasion could induce him to sit in the depressed stern for the accommodation of the voyageurs. He sat right in the centre of the bateau, and kept his eyes on the waves with a manifest distrust of Providence, and an anxiety that betrayed a culpable want of resignation.

The bateau passed the travelers on shore as she neared the rock. Frank waved his handkerchief triumphantly. The water just ahead roared and leaped up in white masses like a thousand monsters; and, at the first violent whirl he was pulled down by a voyageur, and commanded imperatively to lie still. Another and another shock followed in quick succession, and she was perfectly unmanageable. The helmsman threw himself flat on the bottom. Mr. Van Pelt hid his face in his hands, and crouched beside him. The water dashed in, and the bateau, obeying every impulse, whirled and flung from side to side like a feather. It seemed as if every plunge must be the last. One moment she shivered and stood motionless, struck back by a violent blow, and the next, shot down into an abyss, with an arrowy velocity that seemed like instant destruction. Frank shook off the grasp of the voyageur, and holding on to the side, half rose to his feet. "Gardez vous!" exclaimed the voyageur; and, mistaking the caution for the signal, with a sudden effort, he seized Mr. Van Pelt, and, plunging him over the side, leaped in after him. "Diable!" muttered the helmsman, as the dandy, with a piercing shriek, sprang half out of the water and disappeared instantly. But the Split Rock was right beneath the bow, and like a shot arrow the boat sprang through the gorge, and in a moment was gliding among the masses of foam in the smooth water.

They put back immediately, and at a stroke or two against the current, up came the scientific "brutus" of Mr. Van Pelt, quite out of curl and crested with the foam, through which he emerged to a thinner element. There was no mistaking its identity, and it was rudely seized by the voyageur, with the tolerable certainty that the ordinary sequel would follow. All reasoning upon anomalies, however, is uncertain, and to the terror of the unlettered captor, down went *un gentilhomme*, leaving the envy of the world in his possession. He soon re-appeared, and with his faith in the unity of Monsieur considerably shaken, the voyageur lifted him carefully into the bateau.

My dear reader! were you ever sick? Did you have a sweet cousin, or a young aunt, or any pretty friend who was not your sister or your mother, for a nurse? And do you remember how like an angel's fingers, her small white hand laid on your forehead, and how thrillingly her soft voice spoke low in your ear, and how inquiringly her fair face hung over your pillow? If you have not, and remember no such passages, it were worth half your sound constitution, and half your uninteresting health, and long life, to have had that experience. Talk of moon-light in a bower, and poetry, in a *boudoir*—there is no atmosphere for love like a sick chamber, and no poetry like the persuasion to your grief, or the sympathy for your aching head, or your feverish forehead.

Three months after Frank Gresham was taken out of the St. Lawrence, he was sitting in a deep recess with the lady who, to the astonishment of the whole world, had accepted him as her lover. "Miss Viola Clay," said our hero, with a look of profound resignation, "when will it please you to attend to certain responses that you wot of?" The answer was in a low sweet tone, inaudible to all save the ear for which it was intended.

A CALIFORNIA STORY.

The following anecdote, which was told me by an eye-witness, I will relate as I can recollect it in his own words.

In the early mining days of California there stood at the foot of the hill, not many miles from Nevada one of those rough-built gaming houses so common throughout the mining sections of the territory. A description of this structure and its surroundings will convey to the reader a better idea of the incident I am about to relate. The building contained but one room, the entrance to which was situated at one end, with a large adobe fire place on the other end, nearly opposite to the entrance. On the large stone hearth burned a wood fire, giving to the room a cheerful appearance. On the front, at the right of the entrance, was a well-filled bar, around which were congregated representatives of different nations, some speculating on the success of various mining operations, while others were discussing the general topics of the day. Along the rear side of the room extended a row of tables, around each of which was seated a company of miners playing poker, and staking large sums of gold with as much coolness and apparent unconcern as if they were partaking of their evening meal. A few rude seats occupied the space around the fire-place, and in the front portion of the room beyond the bar. The cabins of the settlers extended some distance to the front of the spot, while the unsettled portion of the country lay in the rear.

The hill before mentioned rising abruptly from this position was thickly interspersed with sage brush and thick bushes, affording a temporary hiding-place for the fugitive. As the

evening wore on, the patrons of the saloon became more numerous, while the chilliness of the atmosphere caused those most interested in the games at the table to gather round the fire. The conversation, which at this time was becoming animated, was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of a tall, raw-boned Yankee, bearing in his hand a long rifle; around his waist he wore a belt, from which was suspended a powder flask and bullet pouch.

Advancing to the fire-place, he deposited his rifle in the corner, and after accepting the seat courteously offered him by one of the company, he seated himself by the fire; resting one elbow on his knee, and dropping his chin into his hand, he sat gloomily watching the fire as if some mighty grief was preying upon him. He mumbled incoherently at times, and sat without changing his position. The attention of the company was soon drawn to the stranger, and an occasional glance from those at the table was directed towards the place where he sat. He at length broke out into such lamentations as these:

"I am tired of life. My claim has failed, and I am without friends or money. I have not even enough to purchase a supper. I have been out all day hunting, and I have killed nothing."

He addressed no one personally, and no one seemed to sympathize with him in his disturbed condition. He sat in silence a few minutes, then raising his head he exclaimed,—

"A man may as well be dead as out of luck. I will take my own life."

Then taking from his side the flask, he unscrewed the cap from the top, and poured from it into his hand some apparently fine Hazard powder, then pouring it carefully back, he replaced the cap, and screwing it firmly on, yelled,—

"Yes, I will die myself, and all around me shall die also."

He then flung the flask upon the burning coals. The tumult that followed was indescribable. The rush for the door was almost simultaneous with the rash act of the stranger. The windows served as a means of escape to those who were unable to press a passage through the door. The Yankee sat a calm spectator till the last occupant of the room had made his exit, then with the rapidity of lightning he sprang to the tables and scraped from them the shining piles of gold which had been left by the gamblers and deposited them in his hat, escaping through one of the rear windows. With desperate strides he ascended the hill, and jumping upon a fallen tree, turned to survey the multitude below. All were waiting breathlessly, watching the building, expecting every moment that the contents of the heated flask would blow it to atoms, when the shrill voice of our hero rung out on the clear night air.

"Don't be afraid, gentlemen. There is nothing but black sand in the can."

Then springing from his perch he disappeared among the chaparral, completely eluding the pursuit of the gamblers, who returned to the saloon to find the tables all cleared of the last vestige of their treasure.

LOBSTERS.

The lobster business is steadily growing in importance. It is now about twelve years, says a correspondent, since the Portland Packing Company commenced operations here and gave an impulse to the work of catching, or rather trapping, this delicious crustacea. It has now several factories located at various points, within a coast range of two hundred miles, some of which are employed in the packing of mackerel. It is astonishing the extent to which this business has attained. The United States, Canada, and Europe offer ready markets for the sale of lobsters preserved in this form, and as a result thousands of people are employed all along this coast in the capture and curing of the fish. They are, as has been stated, trapped, the contrivance devised for this purpose being a semi-cylindrical structure made of rough laths nailed together, having a network covering at each end. In the centre of this network are two holes, sufficiently large to admit the lobster, and once caged it is impossible for him to escape, as the net is bent inward. In the centre of the trap is an upright stake on which the bait is impaled, the whole concern being, as may be supposed, a sort of "walk into my parlor" arrangement. The bait consists mostly of a sea perch and sculpin; the latter being better known perhaps as the sea toad, a most unprepossessing customer, with head nearly as large as the whole body, and a mouth large enough for a fish nearly fifty times its size. He is, in fact, a monster on a small scale, and in his color as well as in the peculiar shape of his head, as likewise in his mottled skin, bears a pretty close resemblance to a toad. He and the fishing frog must be near relations, for they are "as like as two peas," with the exception that the latter has one or two tentacles, or feelers, growing out of his head, almost immediately over the mouth, and on the end of these is a small, soft, flesh-like appendage, with which, as a bait, he lures, while he lies concealed beneath pieces of tufts or seaweed, his unsuspecting prey into his capacious maw. This sculpin or sea-toad, if he does not fish for himself, is used to fish for others, and this he does with great success. If the old adage, "Handsome is as handsome does," has any force in it, he is a perfect beauty. The lobster traps thus baited are sunk to the bottom by means of stones, and taken up between tides, when their unwilling inmates are transferred to the rowboats, preparatory to being placed in the fish cars, where

they are kept alive till sent to the factory in the large sailing craft—vessels of from ten to twelve tons. In these they are piled up, sometimes in huge heaps that would draw torrents of tears from the eyes of the tender-hearted Bergh, and when the vessel arrives at the factory they are mercilessly pitched upon the pier in another indiscriminate heap.

Here they twist and wriggle and flap their propellers and interlock with their huge nippers, the whole heap presenting a most animated and lively mass of crustacea. From the pier they are at once taken to the huge kettles, where, having been sufficiently boiled, they are packed in hermetically sealed cans, and, after still further boiling in these, the cans are labelled, boxed and sent off to their several destinations. The season begins about the 10th of May and closes about the middle of October, during which the Portland Packing Company, in one factory alone, boil and can nearly seven hundred thousand lobsters. In the capture of this number a fleet of one hundred and fifty boats, each manned by two hands, is required, and these range along a shore of thirty or thirty-five miles. In pursuit of the fish these men sometimes frequent the most rugged and wildest part of the coast, where the restless waves, even in the calmest days, surge and coil among the huge rocks, dashing the foam to the height of fifteen or twenty feet. Woe to the hapless vessel that misses its trackless way across the ocean and in treacherous fog or the darkness of the night runs upon this iron-bound coast.

WRITING FOR THE PRESS.

The swiftness with which the lightning telegraph transmits information is not its only merit. It teaches the important and much neglected art of word-pruning. Countless reams of paper and gallons of ink are wasted by writers who do not understand this art, or do not think fit to practise it. The pith and substance of many an octavo volume might be comprised in a pamphlet; the ideas in many an editorial column compressed into a paragraph. Were waste of stationery the only evil of prolixity, it would be a trifling one; but the time of the public is shamefully taxed by scribblers, who either regard verbosity as a literary accomplishment, or are too lazy to condense. Some men think in short-hand, and in committing their thoughts to paper, never use a phrase that does not tell; but even diffusive thinkers may, if they choose, solidify what they write by a critical revision. If authors had to pay for each superfluous word in their works at the telegraph rates, what a blessing it would be to the reading world! We have often thought that it might be a good idea for young writers, who are troubled with a verbal flux, to try a course of lightning despatches as a cure. The literary market should be in some aspects, subjected to the same rules as the grain market. Wheat and corn cannot be sold together; why should a few seeds of thoughts, half smothered in verbal husks, be merchantable in the marts of literature?

Contributors to newspapers should be especially careful to avoid wordiness. Articles containing much that is valuable and interesting are often rejected because of this fault. Editors have no time to prune such productions; and hence they are consigned to the waste-basket. In the days of the patriarchs, when the lives of men were measured by centuries, time might have been spared for such a process; but in this age, when lifetime is limited to three-score years and ten, and more brain-work has to be crowded into it than Methuselah ever dreamed of, no man can afford to correct and put into shape the loosely expressed ideas of his fellows, unless he does it professionally, and is paid for it.

Our advice to all writers whose besetting sin is prolixity, may be put into six words:—Make the telegraphic system your model. This hint is intended for all who desire to inform, interest, or amuse the busy public by means of the pen.

THE SHOCKING IGNORANCE OF MEN.

It is all very well for the self-styled lords of the creation to laugh at what they call the shocking ignorance of women. Whilst they are so satirical at our expense, perhaps it never strikes them that we could show them up, if we pleased, just as well as they can make game of us. Whole volumes would not suffice to convey a perfect idea of the shocking ignorance of men; but a few specimens will enable our readers to form some little notion of it. To show what men are in this respect, we will instance only the following answers which we have heard given to the simplest questions, and *ex unum disce omnibus*, as they say.

Augustus had heard of such a thing as a gusset. It was something in the sleeve. Believed it was the same thing as a cuff, but was not certain. It was a part of the skirt, for aught he knew. Had no notion whether it was round or square.

Eustace was familiar with the word "tuck." Had heard his sisters make use of it. Concluded it was something about a dress; it might be a loop, or perhaps a flounce. Knew it was a term used in needle-work, otherwise should have supposed it meant something to eat. Horace thought vandyke was a picture.

Ernest had no notion how many long sixes

went to a pound; six into twenty shillings was 3s. 4d.

Adolphus described clear-starching as a mystery.

Albert could not tell what he would send to the mangle; if he had to guess, would say a chemisette, not that he by any means knew what that was. Crimping was an operation performed on skate and codfish, and sometimes on a sailor. Supposed counterpanes were ironed as well as sheets. Could not precisely say what ticking was; would predicate it of a watch.

Edward could not tell a gingham from a merino nor a delaine. Believed it was all stuff. Imagined that a shot silk was a silk speckled or dotted; the aspect it presented would probably resemble the small-pox.

William regarded a cross-stitch as a puzzle. Blue-stone was sapphire used in making rings. Had no conception of the use of pearl-ash or soda, in a house, and conceived that hearth-stones were employed to pave the kitchen fire-place.

There! So much for the knowledge of men, who pride themselves so vastly on their superior intelligence.

IMITATORS.

Look at the multitude of books which issue from the press, and ask, "How many of these contain an original idea, promulgate a discovery, or enlarge the boundaries of knowledge?" Not one in a thousand! Books are principally made up of commentaries upon other books; and they do not so much tell us new things, as relate the old in some new style. The highest literary ability is employed in criticising the books written by others, in making commentaries upon them, in recomposing them anew, and in arranging them in new forms. How many literary men has the single collection of Shakespeare's plays thus employed! We have still glossaries, commentaries, criticisms, and reviews of Shakespeare's plays, as if they had been written only yesterday. And this one subject is still full of work for generations of literary men to come. The chief art of the *littérateur* consists in telling in a clever manner, and in setting in a new light, ideas and facts which have been long before known. The most favorite writers are not those who put forth new ideas. At first, the original writer is shunned as a dangerous man. He is not understood; he is suspected; he is often hoisted. But when the literary mind has become familiar with his ideas—when they have ceased to be new—then they are quoted in other books, and their author's name is cited in margins and foot-notes. Then do many writers lard their lean books with the fat of the old author's works; and then does the old author's soul migrate from book to book, endowed, as it were, with an almost undying spirit, which vibrates through the literature of all time. Not many are so honest as old Montaigne was, who said, "The places and books which I see again, always give me a fresh novelty; we make them our own." On reading a book, a poem, a play, how often do you fall upon a borrowed thought, a purloined phrase, an appropriated sentiment; but you do not feel disposed to cry "Stop thief!" because it is the way of all bookmen. They appropriate; and yet they insist upon copyright. If they could only secure a copyright in what was their own—if all their borrowed ideas and quotations were taken away, how many books, in any generation, would be entitled to a copyright?

LOCATIONS OF HOMES.

Science of Health has some sensible suggestions on this topic.

Houses should be built on upland ground with exposure to sunlight on every side. During epidemics it has been noted by physicians that deaths occur less frequently on the sunny side; and in hospitals, physicians have testified to the readiness with which diseases have yielded to treatment in sunny rooms, while in shady rooms they have proved intractable.

Let there be no bogs, no marshes, no stagnant water in the neighborhood. Then let the cellars be thoroughly drained. Inattention to this subject has caused the death of many a person. No father or mother should rest one moment in peace while their innocent babies are sleeping in rooms over damp and mouldy cellars. Cellars should not only be drained but thoroughly ventilated, otherwise the house must be unwholesome.

Let the drains be also constructed for the conducting of slops and sewerage of all kinds to a common reservoir, at a distance from the dwelling, to be used for fertilizing purposes.

Door yards should be kept clean and dry, composed largely of green sward, on which children may romp and play. This should be their playground rather than the carpeted room. They are entitled to it, that the breath of nature's God as it filters down through the blue sky, may fan the rosy cheeks, and fill their souls with joy, and their bodies with health.

An honest old farmer, on being informed the other day that one of his neighbors owed him a grudge, growled out, "No matter; he never pays anything."

A FOND parent, anxious that his infant son should be sharp in his wits and profound in his thoughts, has sent him to sea—so that he may "be rocked in the cradle of the deep."

DUMB POETS.

There are whose fingers never strike the lyre,
Whose voices never wake the world with song;

Who hold no place among the poet choir,
Who win no praise from the listening throng;
Who walk the earth unglorified and mute,
Yet full of music as a harp in tune,
Who taste, but cannot tell, of joys acute,
For whom all things are lovely 'neath the moon.

Dumb poets are they; chords that underlie
The floods of harmony that fill the world;
Silent apostles, voiceless in the cry,
But ready when truth's banner is unfurled:
Sealed on the lips, but on the forehead too,
Dumb poets are they, but are poets true.

We pass them by, these silent ones, and rush
To crown the singer who has pleased us well;
We cannot read within their eyes the gush
Of feeling awakened by some hidden spell.
But one doth understand them, even God,
Who sealed the lips, but dowered with yearnings strong,

And while we journey with them on the road,
Calling them silent, He doth hear their song;
He keeps their brows unwreathed with earthly
bays,

For crowns "unwove with amaranth" above;
He knows each lip untried with human lays,
Brings purer music to the strains of love:
Dumb poets are they, but the time is near
When they shall sing while angels throng to hear.

THE FACTORY GIRLS.

Mrs. Sydney and her son sat over a late breakfast one morning in early spring, talking over a contemplated trip the lady was to take for her health.

She was a small, delicate-looking woman, with hands and feet of most aristocratic proportions, and she worshipped "blue blood" and good family connections.

She was very dignified in manner, and prided herself upon her simplicity of dress upon all but very great occasions.

"There is nothing more vulgar," she would say, "than the present fashion of over-dressing. A lady reserves her lace, velvet, and diamonds for full dress; a *parvenue* parades them in the street."

Her son, who sat opposite to her, was unlike her in every respect.

She was blonde; he was dark.

She was *petite*; he stood six feet, with the shoulders of an Hercules.

She was low-voiced; his tones were clear and ringing.

She was aristocratic; and he was a republican to his heart's core, believing, above all, in the dignity of labor, and proving his belief by refusing to live idly upon his mother's wealth, and by making his own way in the world as a manufacturer.

His mother pleaded for a profession, if he would be independent, but he said—

"I had rather be a good master to two or three hundred men and women working for me, than to be a poor lawyer, incompetent doctor, or dull preacher."

"Worthington," Mrs. Sydney had said, as they lingered over the table on the morning when they are introduced to the reader, "I must have a companion."

"I thought you were going with the Gramhams."

"I am. I mean a companion of my own."

"Oh, a maid!"

"No; a mere maid will not do. It would be absurd for me to start, in my feeble health, without someone who could be constantly with me."

"H'm! yes. I have seen advertisements for what you want."

"A lady who will be pleasant society, and yet who will expect to perform some of the duties of a maid, in return for her salary. I don't suppose it will be easy to find such a person here."

"Perhaps not; but in B—— you might find one."

"By advertising?"

"No; in the factory. It is rather a long drive for you, but we could be over there by noon, and the road is good."

"That odious factory," sighed Mrs. Sydney.

"Don't quarrel with the factory," said her son, good-humoredly. "It gives me my bread and butter. Some of these days I may sell out, and retire upon my income, but not yet. It is too soon, and I am too young."

"You know you will have my money, Worthington," said his mother, plaintively.

"Many long years from now, I trust," was the grave reply.

"But while I live it is enough for both. There never was a Walford in trade, and the Sydneys were all professional men."

"Well, well, mother, all the odium there is in it must be thoroughly incorporated in my system by this time. But we are wandering away from the subject under discussion. I think I can help you to find a companion."

"Really, dear, I am afraid a factory girl will not suit me."

"Perhaps not; but there are two new comers there who have been in better positions, and are driven there now by stress of circumstances."

"Who are they?"

"One, Miss Sadie Desmond, is the daughter of a music teacher in B——, who died a year ago. The young lady has tried in vain to get pupils enough to support her. B—— is not the place for her."

"The people who can afford music lessons for their children either send them to boarding school or to the seminary. So, for lack of pupils, Miss Desmond earns her living in the factory."

"You said there were two; has she a sister?"

"No; Miss Ford is a friend, I believe. They live together. Miss Ford has been a teacher for some time, and was a pupil teacher while she received her education."

"She had to give up on account of her health, and yet has no money to live on."

"You seem very familiar with the history of these girls, Worthington."

"That is one of my duties, mother. I have three hundred girls in the factory, and I owe it to each one of them, to inquire closely into the antecedents of every new comer."

"Yes, yes; you are quite right, no doubt, though I should think such matters could be left to overseers. But I should like to see these girls."

"Drive over with me this morning. It is warm and pleasant. The air will do you good."

"I will. I must make some selection soon. for the Gramhams sail in May, and this is the second week in April."

Two or three hours before the discussion between Mrs. Sydney and her son, regarding the proposed companion, two girls in a small room in a small house in the manufacturing town of B—— were dressing hastily, and chatting as they twisted their hair and performed toilet duties.

"Did you have any answer to your advertisement, Sadie?" said one, the more subdued and quiet of the two, whose blue eyes were sad, and whose pale cheeks bore the deep flush, coming and fading, of weakness.

"None," replied Sadie Desmond, who was undeniably handsome and more stylish-looking than her friend. "I suppose there will be no release for me from this hateful, drudging life. How you can bear it so patiently is a mystery to me."

"I must bear it," was the quiet reply. "Dr. Graves says I must not teach for a year at least, and yet there is the vulgar necessity of eating"—and she laughed a low, sweet laugh like a child's—"not to mention lodging, clothing and such trifling matters."

"Don't I know?" said Sadie, bitterly. "When have I known anything but poverty and poverty's bitterest straits? My education was given me in charity by my uncle, and it is simply wasted in this miserable place."

"The music-teacher's place at the seminary is taken, and my father starved on the few private pupils he could obtain."

"Poor father! He always thought my handsome face and manner would win me a rich husband."

"Rich! Who are the rich men of B——? Manufacturers with wives and families, and Mr. Worthington Sydney."

She blushed at his name as if she waited to be questioned, but Effie Ford was looking from the window. Joining her, Sadie said—

"Mr. Sydney comes often to our loom, Effie!"

"We are green hands, you know. Perhaps he thinks we may spoil our work," was the quiet answer.

"He is very handsome, Effie."

"Yes, very."

"Unmarried, too, and very rich."

Effie went downstairs, with a word to her companion of the lateness of the hour.

"I wonder," thought Sadie, "if it is Effie's blue eyes or my dark ones that draw Worthington Sydney to our corner."

The young man himself could not have answered the question.

He stood in the office that overlooked the work-room, when every loom was busy, looking through the window, where, unseen himself, the overseer of the room could watch all those employed in it.

"You see," he said to an old lady, very plainly dressed, who stood beside him, "the two young ladies who are at the third loom to the right."

"The taller one, with dark eyes, is the music-teacher's daughter; the one facing her is Miss Ford."

"Suppose I go in and talk with them?"

"If you wish, you can do so, or I will send for them to come here."

"No. I will go in alone. The tall one is very handsome."

"Very. She seems strangely out of place to me here."

Mrs. Sydney crossed the room, pausing to speak to several of the busy girls, till she stood by Sadie Desmond's side.

"Can you tell me," she said, "where I can get a glass of water?"

"In the corner, by the closet where the hats hang," was the curt reply.

Effie looked up at the grey hairs, and said—

"If you will take a seat for a moment, I can get it for you. The clock will strike twelve in less than two minutes, and I can leave the room."

"Thank you," was the reply, as the old lady took a seat on a bench near the girls.

"Can't you find anything better to do in noon-hour than to wait on any old woman who comes in?" asked Sadie, contemptuously.

"Hush!" said Effie, with her quick, sensitive flush, "she will hear you."

But Sadie had noted that the old lady's dress was of a plain black alpaca, and her bonnet of straw, and was disinclined to pay attention to anyone wearing this garb.

When the clock struck, Effie hastened for the

water, while Sadie took out her luncheon on the bench, near Mrs. Sydney.

The old lady noticed that Effie took a napkin from her little basket, to polish the dingy tumbler, and rinsed it carefully before filling it for her.

"You are very kind," she said, as she received it. "I am tired from walking about the building."

"Perhaps you are looking for some one," said Effie, "and I can help you. It is confusing to a stranger to find a friend here."

"No, I was not in search of any friend."

"If you are looking for a place for a daughter," said Sadie, "you will find twenty applicants ahead of you at the office."

"Is the work very heavy?" asked the old lady, turning to Sadie.

"Try it and see," was the rude reply. "I was not brought up to it. Are you going to walk, Effie?"

"I think not," Effie said. "I shall sit here and rest."

Sadie rose and crossed the room for her hat, her tall, graceful figure and aristocratic face marking her in the midst of the group of girls on the same errand.

Effie sat down, feeling, she scarcely knew why, that there was a rudeness in Sadie's manner that she must apologize for, by remaining with the old lady.

"You do not look strong," Mrs. Sydney said, noting the delicate complexion and varying color.

"I have not been well, but I am gaining strength here. You must not feel discouraged," she said gently, "by what Sadie said about work here. If you have any friend who wishes a place, there are very often vacancies, and the work is not really heavy, though tiresome. The noise is the worst, and one gets accustomed to that."

"Have you been here long?"

And so, from question to question, Mrs. Sydney drew forth the simple, everyday story of orphanhood, early struggle with poverty and failing health, but not one complaint.

The two were talking earnestly in the deserted room, when Worthington Sydney came from the office to their bench.

"Well, mother?" he said, after bowing to Effie.

And the young girl arose, blushing deeply in her embarrassment.

"Sit down," said Mrs. Sydney, kindly. "You see, I do not want a place here for a friend, but I have business here, notwithstanding."

And Effie believed she must be dreaming when she was offered the position of companion to Mrs. Sydney, at a liberal salary, and the promise of travel.

"Can you come to me to-morrow?" the old lady asked. "I shall need your services in preparing for our travels."

And before the noon hour was over Effie was driving in Mrs. Sydney's carriage to her house, to prepare her belongings for an early start in the morning.

"She is lovely, Worthington," said Mrs. Sydney to her son, as they drove homeward, "and the voyage will do her good. To think of her being in a factory! Why, her mother was one of the Marstons."

"Am I supposed to be overpowered?" laughed the young man.

"But, really, Worthington, she is of good family," said his mother earnestly. "Her father was a Ford. I know the family. Poverty never appeals me, but I must confess I shrink from vulgar blood. Miss Desmond is handsome and stylish-looking, but she is no lady. Miss Ford is a gentlewoman, a lady at heart."

Sadie was mortified when she heard to whom she had been rude, but after all, there was consolation.

Mr. Sydney was not going with his mother, and black eyes might look more bewitching if the soft blue ones were not near.

She knew that she was very handsome, and if Mr. Sydney resented the rudeness to his mother, there were two years to undo the impression.

Circumstances came to Sadie's aid.

The uncle who had paid for her education died and left her an income, small indeed, but enough to save her from the necessity of further work.

She took a small house, and an aunt came to live with her.

And here, with perfect propriety, she received occasional calls from Mr. Worthington Sydney.

But the ambition to be rich, which had just filled her heart, gave place soon to a deep love for the young manufacturer, who had never exceeded a gentlemanly courtesy in his attentions.

In vain she exerted every accomplishment for his admiration—playing her choicest music, singing her sweetest songs.

In vain she chose becoming dresses, and decked her rare beauty for his eyes.

Ever before him was the memory of his mother's words, and involuntarily he traced the little signs that told of a cold heart and utterly selfish disposition.

But over the water came to him letters full of the praises of the gentle companion who had accompanied his mother.

"You would scarcely know Effie," the old lady wrote, when she had been abroad a year; "she has regained her health, and hers is that rare, delicate beauty that unfolds some new charm when least expected."

"She is so modest and retiring that one must watch closely to see how well educated and accomplished she is. Imagine my delight to find

knew French as well as I did, and she has conquered Italian in a wonderfully short time.

"Her music is the rare, real music that comes from the heart; and the tears often rise in my eyes when she fancies I am sleeping, and plays for hours as only a true lover of the 'divine art' can play."

Sometimes there was a more formal letter, signed "Effie Ford," telling that Mrs. Sydney was not well, and written by her companion's hand.

And after the formal introduction the writer would detail the events of travel since the last letter, unconsciously proving how she saw with an artist's eyes the beauties of scenery she described, or took a quiet, humorous view of passing events.

He would scarcely own it to himself, but Worthington Sydney watched for the letters from the "companion" with deeper and deeper interest, sending friendly answers that told of his gratitude for Effie's tender care of his mother, and pleasure in her letters.

Two years passed, and Mrs. Sydney began to write of coming home.

She was in Paris with Effie, and wrote to her son—

"Do take a holiday and come to escort me home. I have no friends who are returning at this time, and I do not care to travel alone."

Thinking it all over, Worthington concluded that he really needed a little rest and recreation, and he presented himself at the hotel in Paris much sooner than his mother had dared to hope.

She was alone when he was announced.

But a little later, a graceful young lady entered the room, whom he indeed scarcely recognized as the fragile girl in deep mourning who had bidden him farewell two years before.

The pallor of illness, the shifting color, were gone, and in their place was the glow of perfect health.

The sad eyes were replaced by animated ones full of happiness, and the fragile figure was rounded and graceful.

In her exquisite delicacy of feature, in the expression of refinement and intellect, and in the perfect grace of her manner, she appeared to Worthington to far surpass the more striking beauty of Sadie Desmond, who, two years before, had cast her quiet loveliness into the shade.

Happy days flew by quickly in Paris, and when Worthington Sydney told his mother the secret of his love, she opened her arms to fold Effie there closely, calling her "dear daughter."

And Sadie, when the bridal party returned to B——, knew in her heart that in her rudeness to the plainly-dressed old lady in the factory, she had forfeited her opportunity to be Mrs. Sydney's companion by her own error.

HOW I WAS CURED.

You see I belonged to a set of men who, if they bought a new pair of gloves, had to "wet" them, as they called it; that is, they had to treat everybody that happened to notice the new acquisition.

I had bought a new hat, and as that was a very prominent article, of course I had to pay for it in drinks. I went round with my friends to about twenty restaurants, spent three pounds in refreshments and drinks, and at last went home tipsy, with my new hat converted into a shocking bad one, for every fellow we met considered himself privileged to smash it down flat on my head. My wife was a tall, handsome woman, and we had three as pretty children as you could find, bright-eyed, curly-haired darlings, of whom we were very fond.

Kate was a very proud woman, and when she perceived my condition (not the first time I had been so) her face grew as white as marble with passion, and to avoid giving vent to wrathful thoughts she silently left the room.

I was not too tipsy not to notice it, and the action stung me more than the harshest words. With an oath—I remember that plainly, because little Frank opened his eyes so wide—I left the room.

At the door I met Johnston, the watchman at the factory, and together we went into a restaurant to get some liquor. Then we sauntered around until it was time for him to go on watch. I rambled about for some time after he left me, and then lay down and went to sleep.

I was awakened by a monotonous noise resembling the slow tramp of a man wearing heavy boots, mingled by an occasional whirring sound.

It was still dark, and I could not divine where I was. I had not quite recovered from the effects of the liquor I had drunk the day before, and the first thought that came into my head was that I had been caught deserting from the army, and the monotonous tramp was the footsteps of the sentry. I had even got so far as to wonder if Kate would get my body when all was over.

I was lying on the floor, but I speedily arose and walked about to see where I was. I soon came in contact with large brass wheels, and as I drew near them the whirring sound increased, and the steady tramp grew larger. Just at this moment the first rays of the sun darted through a crevice of the wall, and then I knew my whereabouts—I was in the old clock tower of the factory.

I remembered then, as a faint dream, that Johnston had given me the key the night before, with the request that I would wind up the clock—he was tipsy himself, or he would not have

done it—and I had been there ever since. What would Kate say?

I resolved to go home and make a clear breast of it. That was my first thought, and I proceeded to execute it forthwith.

The clock tower opened into the room below by a trap-door and with the aid of the faint light now shining into the room I soon found it, and stooped down to raise it up, but my heart sunk like lead when I found it could not be done.

I remembered then that the company had caused it to be secured to the ceiling of the room below by iron staples, and these Johnston had fastened on me. There was no use in calling for assistance, for the room below was unoccupied, the tower itself was about a hundred feet high, and my feeble voice could never penetrate through those thick walls so as to be heard above all the bustle of the carts and omnibuses, and the whistles and bells of the engines.

I had nothing to do then but content myself until Johnston came to wind up the clock at night.

The room was about eighty feet square, and was only lighted by the few rays that could struggle in through the holes where the hands of the clock were inserted, so that it was nearly dark all the time.

It was in the middle of summer, and soon the heated air blowing from the iron roof scorched my skin, and, to add to my other miseries, I became parched with thirst. Oh, what would I not have given for one glass of water from the pump?

The crevices through which the light came were too high up for me to see through, and I had nothing all day to do but to suffer the torments and watch the ponderous wheels of the clock move round.

Every now and then, as I licked my parched lips with my tongue, in the vain attempt to allay the burning thirst, I cursed from my soul that good-fellowship (?) that had caused me this pain and Kate her dreadful anxiety; and over and over again, as I stamped around through the hot vapor, I promised never to drink another drop.

At last what seemed the longest day of my life drew near its close, and I began to watch for the appearance of Johnston to release me from my imprisonment.

The sunbeams slowly faded from the room, complete darkness followed, and still no Johnston. The moon shone from the opposite side, the bell in a neighboring church struck quarter, half-past, three-quarters, nine o'clock, and still Johnston came not. The murmur of rushing vehicles died out in the city, and my hopes rose and fell as the church bell noted each hour, until at last it tolled out the full twelve, and all hope of rescue died out in my breast. I must stay there for another awful day and night; but would he come then?

Great Heavens! what a fool I have been to forget it. It was an eight-day clock. Johnston would not come for a week, and then he would only find a loathsome corpse. In that time I should starve, famish for water.

I think I must have fainted then, for when I revived again, another day of exquisite torture had begun. Oh! the agonies both of body and mind I endured that awful day. The sun shone in the whole day, and every now and then a breeze like a blast from a red-hot furnace would rush in the room from the heated roof, and burn the skin; and to the longing for water was added an intense craving for food.

I crawled behind the wheels, and licked the damp, musty walls in a vain endeavor to still the burning pain of thirst, but the other pain gnawed on the same as ever.

The third day I think I became delirious. I struggled at the trap-door until the blood flowed from my torn fingers and nails, and dashed about the room, screaming in my agony. I jumped from the trap-door in my frenzied desire to get away from that burning thirst and awful heat that was scorching my brain, until my strength left me, and I fell upon the floor to die.

I had not noticed the stamp of the pendulum or the whirling of the wheels since the first morning; but now, as I lay there almost dead, it seemed as if the huge machine was stamping and turning right over my bared and quivering nerves. At last I could bear it no longer, and crawled along on the floor until I came to the big wheel, and held that still with all my feeble strength until it all stopped.

Sobbing weakly with thankfulness, I fell to the floor again, murmuring, as the tears rolled along my face:

"Oh, Katie! my poor, proud lady bird, what will you think of me?" And Georgie, and Frank, and my pretty baby, Annie, will I never see you again?"

And I sank into unconsciousness again, with the tears on my cheeks and their dear names on my lips.

I was awakened from a delicious dream of hearing baby Annie crow with delight as I splashed the cool water in her face when she took her morning bath, by feeling a cold current of air on my face and hearing Johnston say:

"Good Heavens! Frank Carter, have you been here all this time?"

Nothing could have been half so delicious as Tom's rough voice to me, for it was surety that I should be saved from an awful death, and given back to my darling ones. I turned my face over against his shoulder, murmuring faintly:

"Water, Tom! for the love of heaven, water!"

Without a word he picked me up in his arms and carried me down the ladder, and then down seventy steps to the room below. He laid me

down on a cushion and dashed away, soon returning again with a large tumbler of water. I snatched it from him, and, before he could prevent it, took a hearty drink, and oh! the blissful feeling that stole over me as I fell back upon the cushion. The anxiety I felt for my wife, my desire to see my children, all faded from me, and I sunk into a sound slumber.

As soon as I awoke, Tom assisted me to arise, and was leading the way to the carriage he had stopped, when I caught sight in the mirror of a man behind Tom.

"Who is that following you, Tom?" I asked, faintly, pointing to the mirror.

Tom turned to me with a curious look as he asked—

"Why, Frank, don't you know him?" and, without another word, he helped me to the glass, and I saw that it was no wonder I had failed to recognize my own self. My skin, in the awful heat of that room, had got burned to a dull brown color and was shrivelled like an old man's; my eyes were sunken, and my head was bald in places where I had pulled the hair from it in my ravings.

By the time I reached home I fairly trembled with excitement; and when I went in and saw Kate crouched down on a stool, crying, with the poor little children around her, I broke away from Tom's sustaining arm, and tottering forward, fell in a dead faint at my wife's feet. When I recovered again, Kate was white enough to faint herself, and trembling so badly I was afraid she would fall, and I made her sit down by me, while Tom went to the cupboard and got me something to eat.

While I was eating the little morsels he would allow me, Kate said that she feared when I left her in anger that I had deserted her and the children, and during those three days and nights of dreadful anxiety she had been there alone with the little ones, for, being as proud as Lucifer, she had not wished to expose herself to comment by making her condition known, and as it turned out, I was glad she had not, and gave her a kiss with my heart in it.

Tom said he had come along about twelve o'clock, and noticing the key in the door, berated me for a careless fellow, and went up and fastened the trap-door, locking every door as he descended. The finger of Heaven clearly guided me when I stopped the big wheel, as that was what caused my release, for on coming back from breakfast, Tom noticed the clock was not going, and climbed up into the tower to find out the reason, when he found me.

Long ago Kate has forgiven me the pain and anxiety I caused her, but I never can forgive myself as I notice the white hairs that were not in her head before I left her in anger.

I have never drank a drop of liquor since. Those long hours of painful thought in that old tower revealed to me more clearly than I had ever imagined before the ruinous course I was pursuing, and the legacy of shame and disgrace I was likely to leave my three beautiful children if I continued in it.

A COQUETTE OUTWITTED.

"Allow me to fasten your bracelet, Miss Genore," and a dark-moustached, fine-looking man bent low over a white, tapering wrist, while little jeweled fingers scintillated and sparkled in the dazzling gaslight. "Could I but make you understand," he continued, in low, earnest tones, "how wretched and miserable my life really is, bereft of love and Marie, you would, at least, grant me a kind word occasionally. I see you wear my diamond yet. Tell me, for conscience sake, whether you do it out of a lingering regard for your old love, or is it cupidity only?" and the large magnetic eyes looked honestly into those of his beautiful companion, who, with a seemingly total disregard of his earnestness, hummed softly a little bravura, and then replied in a distant, half-abstracted manner, which was peculiarly annoying to the sensitive man:

"How often must I tell you, Herbert, that I love you as much as I ever did? You know how we are situated, and you are perfectly well aware that so long as you cannot support me in the style to which I have always been accustomed, no engagement must be allowed to exist. Love is all very well in its place, but really it shows very bad taste to lug it in at such unseasonable and inappropriate occasions. Good evening, Captain Thorne! isn't this a splendid gathering? I was just remarking to our friend, Mr. Maltravers, that I had not for a long time attended a party so exquisitely gotten up," and the haughty beauty used her fan daintily, turning her fair hand a little more into the light, while lightning-like coruscations from diamond and pearl dazzled the eyes of her admirers. Immaculate and bewildering laces, together with the rustle of silk, and perfume delicate as from Araby the blest, completed a *tout ensemble* as perfect in its fashionable and artistic make-up as it was gracefully becoming to its owner.

The captain offered his arm for a promenade, and with a pleasant bow to Herbert, Marie sallied away as if perfectly unconscious of the misery she had just inflicted.

Herbert Maltravers had been for the past two years an accepted lover of Marie Genore's, but for some strange and incomprehensible reason, she had, without the least apology or excuse, suddenly dismissed him, and when pressed by the ardent lover for a satisfactory solution of the mystery, replied that her love remained undiminished, but her family all thought the engagement improper, as Mr. Maltravers's pecu-

liary position would not allow him to support her in the style and luxury to which she had been accustomed. No argument or entreaty could make her any more explicit, so with a love quite as intense as in the first and balmy days of courtship, Herbert followed her to ball, party, and opera, and used every means to win her back.

He would not be convinced that Marie Genore was as hollow and heartless as the vainest butterfly of fashion could possibly be, and yet he knew that she loved him as he had formerly every reason to believe, that no advice or influence could have changed her.

"Why does she still wear the symbol of our betrothal if our engagement is entirely broken off?" he asked himself for the thousandth time.

Herbert knew that Marie's father, with all his wealth, was very close and penurious, especially on the subject of ornaments, and he knew, too, that Marie's most valuable jewels were all presents. Common sense whispered that it was the beauty and costliness of the diamond which made it valuable in her eyes, and this, in a fit of wretchedness and almost insanity, he had this evening, for the first time, accused her of.

"I must have one moment with Marie, and beg pardon for my insulting language. How could I have been so unmanly?"

Marie, cloaked and hooded, her bright, beautiful eyes having lost none of their sparkle from the night's dissipation, stood in the hall dispensing kind good-nights to friends and acquaintances.

"Let me escort you to the carriage, just this time, Marie," pleaded the ardent lover; and laughing and chatting gayly, she accepted his arm in a matter-of-fact manner, and walked slowly out.

"What is it now, Herbert?" and the beauty's tones betrayed both ill-nature and impatience.

"I hope you will forgive me, Marie," said Herbert Maltravers, "for the ungentlemanly language I used this evening. I cannot bear to think I have offended you."

"Your manner, Mr. Maltravers, is the principal thing I have to find fault with, and quite as much on your account as my own. It is not pleasant to have the epithets 'soft' and 'silly' applied to a gentleman who for so long a time has been a declared suitor for my hand. But I have, I declare, quite forgotten that you said anything this evening which you need ask pardon for. What was it, Herbert?" and the young lady met his earnest gaze fearlessly, and with a look of irresistible inquiry.

How the poor fellow longed to enter the carriage, as he had done a thousand times, and draw that queenly head, wound round with the daintiest "unmussable" wool, on to his breast. But times had changed, and this was no longer his privilege.

"It was about the ring, Marie; say that you forgive me."

"Oh, yes, I remember now, Herbert; but what a strange girl I am! I believe I never should grieve or become much offended at anything you might say, and something of the old tenderness seemed to return to tone and manner; for Herbert pressed the little hand closer, and the grasp was warmly returned, causing the heart of the young gentleman, which had been for weeks on the rack, to palpitate still faster, while a strange feeling of joy almost deprived him of the power of speech.

"Herbert, if you desire this ring, it is yours; but I did hate to part with it so."

"For what reason, Marie? Was it for the blessed old associations connected with it? Let me see; you used to say that in the depths of that stone you could always see your Herbert's face. Is it so now?"

"Oh, Herbert! when will you have learned to be less demonstrative? Why will you not remember that we are no longer lovers, and that any recurrence to former love chapters is simply presumption? Mr. Maltravers, I would like to be your friend, if you will allow me, that is all. Do you understand?"

"I think I do, Miss Genore," coldly responded the gentleman, with his hand upon the carriage door, and one would hardly have imagined it possible that a tone could have changed so perceptibly. "You have succeeded in this conversation to make me understand the true state of the case. Love is all on one side. I should have known that long before this, had not my infatuation so completely blinded me. The symbol of our engagement you wear now transfixed to another finger, not for any lingering fondness you may have for the giver, but for the intrinsic value of the article. Every scale is removed from my eyes. I do not want the ring at present; you may wear it until I have crushed out every particle of fondness for Marie Genore, and have found in some truer woman the balm for my sufferings; then, and only then, shall I send for my ring."

"But, Herbert—"

"No 'buts' about it," he replied. "Like the poor moth, I have buzzed about your brilliant light and scorched my wings in the blaze by making myself a laughing-stock for society; and have almost destroyed my soul in the foolish desire to reinstate myself in the position I formerly occupied. Good-night and good-by, Marie Genore."

"Who would have thought it?" mused Marie, as she leaned back in her father's aristocratic carriage. "But I shall bring him to terms again. It is so strange that Major Hunter don't propose; I have taken particular pains to have him informed of the dissolution of my marriage contract, and yet he doesn't come to the point. Quite attentive to-night, and almost lover-like;

but not a word of the future. His establishment is princely, but if I can't be mistress of that, why, then, I should prefer Herbert—a very ambitious young man," as father said this morning, "if you haven't destroyed it, Marie, with your coldness." Oh, pshaw! men are not so easily killed. Let me see—I am now nineteen, and according to their own statements, I have consigned a good dozen of lives to wretchedness, and half of them are now happily married and the remainder engaged. I am sorry, though, that I have offended Herbert. He may not be so easy to rewin," and the heartless beauty continued to discuss the situation until sleep closed her eyes.

"Ah! Marie," said the young lady's father, one evening at dinner, some months after the above incidents, "your discarded lover has had a very neat little present made him. You have heard him speak of that eccentric uncle of his in Boston; well, the old fellow has come down handsomely—a cool five hundred thousand, that's all, Marie. Better coax him back, if you can."

"I'll try it," laughed Marie, hysterically. "But are you sure of this, father?"

"Perfectly so. He has been receiving congratulations for the last two days. Hartman says he don't appear very much elated. Thought I knew the reason. Money without Marie doesn't appear like much to a love-sick man," and Mr. Genore shook his fat sides, and chuckled with satisfaction at the idea of his daughter's brilliant future.

The next morning, Mr. Maltravers received a daintily-perfumed note, running thus:

"DEAR HERBERT,—Father has just informed me of your good fortune. Do come and receive the congratulations of your

"MARIE."

But Herbert was not in a hurry.

Once more a crowded drawing-room, with its elegantly-dressed ladies and gentlemen, music, flowers, and the gorgeously-decked dancingshall, while ravishing waltzes and fascinating redowas chased each other in quick succession.

"Who is that beautiful, fairy-like little creature with Mr. Maltravers, Miss Genore?" inquired a gentleman with whom Marie was promenading.

She turned a little to see Herbert, his face lit up with a smile of genuine enjoyment and appreciation, conversing in low, earnest tones with his companion, as sweet and beautiful as Marie's partner had described her.

A pleasant bow, with a cool "Good-evening, Miss Genore," was all the recognition Marie received.

"Will you allow me the pleasure of a promenade, Miss Genore?" politely inquired Herbert.

With a little flush of gratified pride, Marie accepted his arm, and once more the sweet little hand came in loving contact with his coat-sleeve, while on the taper finger his diamond scintillated and sparkled.

"I received a note from you, Marie, a few days since," said Herbert, very softly.

"But why did you not comply with its request, Herbert?"

"Did you have anything particular to say to me? Or was it simply, as your note stated, an invitation for a congratulatory visit?"

"Oh, Herbert, when will you ever do your poor Marie justice?"

"I think I have always done you more than justice, Marie; but I see you still wear our engagement ring. Can you see your own Herbert's face in its dazzling depths as you used, Marie?"

And a sarcastic smile elevated the dark moustache, and a look of contempt danced out of his fine eyes as he contemplated the deceitful figure at his side.

"Yes, Herbert, dearest; you almost broke your poor Marie's heart with your dreadful accusations."

"Then you love me still, Marie?"

"Yes, Herbert, and I have always loved you," replied the coquette, in the softest tones.

"Took a strange way to show it, then."

Marie looked limpidly into his face, but nothing there betrayed him, and the beauty kept on, while sighs and tears to all appearance choked her utterance.

"But, Herbert, you do not reply to me at all. Have you no kind word for your own Marie?"

"Come into the conservatory, Miss Genore, I have something to show you."

And Herbert, with Marie clinging lovingly to his arm, walked into the apartment, where roses, heliotrope and geranium, mingled with the perfume of costly exotics, made the air heavy with their fragrance.

The same elegant little woman, Herbert's companion, whom Marie had minutely criticised, stood in one corner of the room, the principal attraction of an admiring group.

"Lucy, will you excuse yourself for a moment? I have a friend to whom I wish to introduce you," asked Herbert of the lady in question, while a smile of admiration and gratified pride lit up his handsome face. Marie still clasped his arm lovingly.

"Lucy, you have often heard me speak of Miss Genore. This is the lady," continued he, quietly withdrawing his arm. "And this little woman," affectionately drawing her to his side, "is my wife, Mrs. Maltravers. Under the peculiar circumstances, I think it is no more than justice to claim the symbol of our engagement."

Marie slowly, and like one in a dream, withdrew the heavy ring, while Lucy, with an expression of pity on her sweet face, quietly resumed her place among her friends.

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We request intending contributors to take notice that future Rejected Contributions will not be returned.

Letters requiring a private answer should always contain a stamp for return postage.

No notice will be taken of contributions unaccompanied by the name and address of the writer (not necessarily for publication,) and the Editor will not be responsible for their safe keeping.

CONTRIBUTIONS DECLINED.

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These MSS. will be preserved until the Fourth of January next, and if not applied for by that time will be destroyed. Stamps should be sent for return postage.

The Age of Vulgar Glitter; Mrs. Seymore's Curls; To the Absent; By the Waters; Almonte; To a Lover; A Fragment from the Scenes of Life; The Axle of the Heavens; The Correct View; Apostrophe to a Tear; June; A Debtor's Dilemmas; Proved; Wanted Some Beaux; Canadian Rain Storm After Long Drought; The Murderer's Mistake; Yesterday; Carrie's Hat and What Came of It; Leonie Collyer's Error; A Memory Autumn.

These MSS. will be preserved until the Twentieth of December next.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for this department should be addressed to the Editor *FAVORITE* and marked "Correspondence."

MARX.—Your friends should be consulted in the matter. We do not advise on such points.

P. J.—What you mean is enamel for the complexion, and can be purchased in the first-class perfumers' shops.

CLYDIE.—It is neither proper to spring or slide in dancing, but rather to glide gracefully through the figures.

ARGUS.—Consult a physician. Do not trust quack medicines. They rob you of your money and injure the stomach.

E. N.—The Grand Trianon, where the court-martial on Marshal Bazaine is taking place, was built by Mansard, for Louis XIV.

R. W.—Medicine must be taken to remove pimples; and any druggist can supply you with the proper kind at a very small cost.

J. H.—We very much fear, from the style of your letter and poem, that you must not hope for much success in the literary world.

DRYADUST.—The city authorities are right and you are wrong. The water rates have long been due, and both private and public notices have been given.

MARTHA.—Surely your own good sense ought to tell you that it is highly improper for a young lady to ask a gentleman for his photograph unless they be engaged.

READER.—France is pretty large yet. Without Alsace and Lorraine, she is short of two millions of inhabitants. But her present population is still some 37,000,000.

DEBILIS.—It would be very improper and dangerous for a person at your age to commence taking opiates to induce sleep. You must adopt other means, such as by taking plenty of exercise.

E. D. S.—A gentleman's evening costume has not lately changed in fashion. A complete suit of black, white cravat, shirt studs, patent leather boots, and white kid gloves constitute the full-dress costume.

M. H.—Wrinkles are folds of the skin caused by that organ being too large for the parts to be enclosed. Sickness, age, and the indulgence of violent passions, and too much warm bathing will produce wrinkles.

MILLIE.—Follow the advice of old Shakespeare:

"Let still the woman taken an elder
Than herself."

An eminent writer says that, for a happy marriage the woman should be from seven to ten years her husband's junior.

CALAMUS.—You can get a copyright for your work in the United States by residing there for a time during its publication. American authors, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Mrs. Beecher Stowe, for instance, by coming to Canada for a few days, secured a copyright for their books in England. It is a small game, but the present unsatisfactory state of the International Copyright Law forces authors to resort to such tricks.

SOMNOLENT.—Sleep obtained two hours before midnight, when the negative forces are in operation, is the rest which most recuperates the system, giving brightness to the eye and a glow to the cheek. The difference in the appearance of a person who habitually retires at ten o'clock, and that of one who sits up until twelve, is quite remarkable. The tone of the system, so evident in the complexion, the clearness and sparkle of the eye, and the softness of the lines of the features, is, in a person of health, kept at "concert pitch" by taking regular rest two hours before twelve o'clock, and thereby obtaining the "beauty sleep" of the night. There is a heaviness of the eye, a sallowness of skin, and absence of that glow in the face which renders it fresh in expression and round in appearance, that readily distinguishes the person who keeps late hours.

CLEAR GRIT.—Your question is a timely one in the present crisis. Todd is very clear on the point. He says: "During the interval between the resignation of a Ministry and the appointment of their successors in office—an interval which has varied in duration, within the past century, from one to thirty-seven days—and likewise during the period which must necessarily elapse from the issue of new writs in the House of Commons on behalf of the incoming Ministers and their re-election, whatever may be the abstract right of Parliament to continue its deliberations, it is not customary for any important political question to be discussed in either House of Parliament. It is usual to adjourn, from time to time, over these periods, meeting only in order to dispose of business which is absolutely essential and beyond dispute. If the House continue sitting, as a general rule, no motion on which a difference of opinion would be likely to arise should be submitted."

LONDON MEMORIES.

Somebody once held that London was bounded on the north by Piccadilly, on the south by Pall Mall, on the west by St. James's street, and on the east by the Haymarket. And the wit had a meaning in his description. But London is more extensive than this. Out of the 3,500 streets which compose the territory known as London, a vast number, at least of those having a respectable age, are consecrated by some event which makes them dear to those who cherish memories of past generations. Exclusive of the city proper, there are innumerable streets and houses made sacred in connection with men and women who have become illustrious. It is regarded as an evidence of the refinement of continental nations that they honour the memory of an eminent fellow-citizen by the erection of a memorial on the house of his birth or in memory of his death. Thus in rambling through Boulogne we read, "Ici est mort l'Auteur de Gil Blas;" in Geneva, "Ici est né Jean Jacques Rousseau." Were the custom observed among ourselves, the number of houses thus distinguished would be great indeed. One by one they disappear; but enough are left to gratify the curiosity of the antiquary as well as the student of human nature. The other day we alluded to the demolition of Maiden-lane, Covent Garden, as an instance of the sweeping effect of time upon places historically interesting, and every day adds to the catalogue. A glance at the history of London in the handbooks will show that were we to mark each house wherein eminent persons have lived, the number of tablets would have to be greater than might at first be supposed. Fleet-street and Cheapside would have a goodly number. Keats wrote his sonnet on Chapman's "Homer" in the second floor of No. 71, Cheap-side; Sir Thomas Moore was born in Milk-street, and Milton in Bread-street, Cheap-side. Dr. Johnson completed his dictionary in the garret of No. 17, Gough-square, Fleet-street, and died at No. 8 Bolt-court. Goldsmith, who lived for some time in Wine Office-court, died at No. 2, Brick-court, Temple. Locke dates the dedication of his "Essay on the Human Understanding" from Dorset-court. If we go west or east of Temple Bar, we shall find mementoes of departed greatness crowding before us. Peter the Great lived on the site of the last house on the west side of Buckingham-street, Strand; in Hartshorne-lane, just by, Ben Jonson first saw the light. Further on, in 24, Arlington street, Piccadilly, Horace Walpole was born. Were the practice to which allusion has been made pursued in London, a slab would have to be let into the front wall of No. 16, Holles-street, Cavendish square, as the birthplace of Byron. Another would have to be placed on No. 43, Gerrard-street, Soho, to mark it as the deathplace of John Dryden, in No. 27 of the same street, Edmund Burke lived for some time. Sterne died at 41, Old Bond-street. During the struggle for Catholic Emancipation, Daniel O'Connell lived in 29 Bury-street; in 27 of the same street, Tom Moore resided, and in 37 the poet Crabbe. Gibbon composed his defence of the "Decline and Fall" at No. 7, Manchester-street; Byron, who spent his short married life at 139, Piccadilly, wrote his "Lara" in the room of the Albany 2A, facing Saville-row. Sir Isaac Newton made several interesting discoveries at his residence in St. Martin-street, Leicester square, where his observatory is still to be seen at the top of the house. This square is noted also for having been the residence of Sir Joshua Reynolds, on the west side, and Hogarth on the east. Were we to celebrate foreigners as well as our own countrymen, the list of persons to be honoured would be indefinite. To name a few,—Handel died in Brook-street, Hanover square, and Weber at 91, Upper Portland-street; Joseph and Lucien Bonaparte lived, while in London, at 23 Park-crescent, Portland-place; Charles X. of France, at 72 South Audley-street; Louis Philippe's last London lodging was Cox's Hotel, Jermyn-street; and the Emperor Napoleon III's, No. 3 King-street, St. James's. Philip Egalité resided at 31 south-street, Grosvenor-square; Madame de Staël, at 30 Argyll-street, Regent-street; Talleyrand was located for a while at the House of the French Embassy, then on the north side of Manchester-square; M. Guizot lived at 21 Pelham crescent; and Don Carlos, grandfather to the present prince of the name, at 5 Welbeck-street.

THE BARGAINING SEX.

In the definitions that have been given of man, both sexes have generally been comprehended. Thus, when we say that man is a laughing animal, or a cooking animal, we include woman in the category. But it has recently been insisted that in defining the species, we ought to make at least one special moral

distinction between the genders. Woman, it is alleged, is a bargaining animal, while man is not. We are inclined to think that this position is well taken. It has been viciously said the incomparable sex is addicted to scandal, to the disclosure of secrets, to groundless jealousy, and to extravagance in dress, all of which charges we, on behalf of the better portion of the genus, pronounce libellous; but that woman likes to drive a bargain it were useless to deny.

Married reader of the imperative sex, if you want to be clothed, lodged, and fed on the cheapest possible terms, let your wife be your domestic factor. There is nothing of which she knows the value that she cannot purchase at a lower price than you can. You are the "noble creature" of the establishment, of course; but she is endowed with a peculiar faculty which you lack, or which, at best, you possess in only an inferior degree—namely, her bargaining faculty. Butchers, bakers, grocers, shoemakers, drapers, furniture-dealers, retail traders of every class, would much rather deal with you than your wife. They may say she "beats them down;" but the truth is, that she gets their commodities at a fair price, while you, in your lordly, off-hand way, pay whatever they are pleased to ask, without question or remonstrance, and thereby superinduce that "consummation of all earthly ills,"
The inflammation of the weekly bills."

NEWS NOTES.

KING John of Saxony is dead.
SENOR RIOS ROSAS, a well known Spanish politician, is dead.

The Spanish Republican troops claim a victory over the Carlists.

The Ministry have resigned and Mr. Mackenzie has formed a Cabinet.

STOKES has been sentenced to four years imprisonment with hard labor.

The French National Assembly met at Versailles on Wednesday week.

The Empress of Austria is ill, and her condition is such as to cause alarm.

The recent difficulty between Turkey and Austria has been amicably settled.

THERE is no truth in the report that Mount Aetna is in a violent state of eruption.

The celebrated filibustering steamer "Virginius" has been captured off Jamaica.

The public debt of the United States shows an increase of \$303,900 for the month of October.

In the elections which have just taken place for Deputies to the Prussian Diet, the Liberals gain 20 seats.

The trial of the Tichborne claimant has been adjourned until 17th November, when important witnesses from America are expected.

The Jesuits, driven from Rome, intend taking up their residence in the United States, for which place, several left the Eternal City yesterday.

The Spanish steamship "Murillo," which was seized at Dover, for running into and sinking the emigrant ship "Northfleet," has been condemned and sold.

The marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh to Princess Maria of Russia is to be solemnized according to the Church of England, and the Dean of Canterbury goes to St. Petersburg to perform the ceremony.

The sessions of the Reichstrath were opened on the 5th by the Emperor Francis Joseph in person. The Emperor's speech was pacific in its reference to foreign powers. It contains no other matter of general interest.

At a meeting of National Laborers, held at Leamington it was stated the General Agent of New Zealand would give a free passage to all laborers who wanted to emigrate to that colony, and that there was room there for 20,000 families.

PRESIDENT MacMahon has issued an order of the day to the army, in which he alludes with severity to the insubordination of General Belmorres, and appeals to the patriotism of the soldiers to maintain discipline and support the laws.

THE Paris *Gazette des Tribunaux* reports that a secret society at Autun had formed a plot to seize the niece of President MacMahon, and hold her as a hostage. The *Gazette* adds that several arrests have been made of parties implicated in the conspiracy.

In consequence of the position taken by the Comte de Chambord in his recent letter, the French Monarchists have abandoned all hope of restoring the Monarchy. The Conservative Deputies in the Assembly will probably vote for an extension of MacMahon's term of office.

A MADRID despatch reports that the Spanish Government has advices from Manila of the capture by a Spanish war steamer in those waters of two German merchantmen, having 2,000 rifles intended to be sold to the Malay pirates. The news has created an excited feeling in government circles at Madrid.

A TELEGRAM from Cartagena to the *Times* says that the insurgents arrested a Prussian subject named Girard, and refused to surrender him on demand of the German consul, declaring that he was a spy from Madrid. A serious complication with the German Government was probable, but Girard was finally released.

At the Bazaine trial Count Palikao, Napoleon's last Minister of War, testified in regard to his acts while in office. He accepted the responsibility of the march on Sedan. He admitted that he received in Paris despatches from Marshal Bazaine. He did not notify Marshal MacMahon of it as he believed the Marshal was already aware of its contents.

A SPIRITUAL SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.

Translated by George MacDonald.

Who in his chamber sitteth lonely,
And weepeth heavy, bitter tears;
To whom in doleful colors only,
Of want and woe, the world appears;

Who of the past, gulf-like receding,
Would search with questing eyes the core,
Down into which a sweet woe, pleading,
From all sides wiles him evermore;

'Tis as a treasure past believing
Heaped up for him all waiting stood,
Whose hoard he seeks, with bosom heaving,
Outstretched hands and fevered blood;

He sees the future, arid, meagre,
In horrid length before him lie;
Alone he roams the waste, and, eager,
Seeks his old self with restless cry:

Into his arms I sink, all tearful:
I once, like thee, with woe was wan;
But I am well, and whole, and cheerful,
And know the eternal rest of man.

Thou too must find the one consoler
Who only loved, endured, and died—
For those who wrought him keenest dolor,
With thousand-fold rejoicing died.

He died—and yet, fresh every morrow,
His love and him thine eyes behold:
Reach darling arms, in joy or sorrow,
And to thy heart him, ardent, fold.

From him new life-blood will be driven
Through thy dry bones that withering pine;
And once thy heart to him is given,
Then in his heart for ever thine.

What thou didst lose, he found, he holdeth;
With him thy love thou soon shalt see;
And evermore thy heart infoldeth
What once his hand restores to thee.

[Registered according to the Copyright Act of 1868.]

PUBLICANS and SINNERS

A LIFE PICTURE.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "To The Bitter End," "The Outcasts," &c., &c.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Lucius left him, and in the corridor found himself face to face with Mrs. Wincher. "She has been listening, I daresay," he thought, having made up his mind that these Winchers were of the scorpion breed, and their long years of fidelity only a sham. After all, dishonesty is only a matter of opportunity, and the domestic traitor must bide his time to betray.

Mrs. Wincher's manner and bearing were curiously changed, since Lucius had last seen her. She no longer flung her head aloft; she no longer regarded him with looks of scorn. Her present air was that of extreme meekness; he thought he beheld traces of shame and contrition in her visage.

"How do you find master this morning, sir?" she asked.

"Worse," Lucius answered shortly. "Dear, dear! that's bad! And I'm sure it isn't for want of care. I'm sure the beef-tea that I gave him used to be a jelly—that firm as you could cut it with a knife—though Miss Lucille did take the making of it out of my hands."

"Miss Sivewright is naturally anxious about her grandfather," answered Lucius coldly, "and I am very anxious too."

He was about to pass Mrs. Wincher, without further parley, when she stopped him.

"O, if you please, Dr. Davory," she said meekly, "would you be kind enough to let my good gentleman have a few words with you? The fact is, he's got something on his mind, and he'd feel more comfortable if he ast your advice. I didn't know nothink about it till five minutes ago, though I could see at breakfast-time as he was low-spirited and had no appetite for his resher; but I thought that was along of master being so bad. Howsumdye, five minutes ago he ups and tells me all about it, and says he, 'If I tell Dr. Davory, I shall feel more comfortable like,' he says. So I says I'd ast you to have a few words with him."

"Where is he?" asked Lucius, his suspicions increased by this singular application.

"In the room where the bridle-brack is kep'," answered Mrs. Wincher. "He's been dustin' as usual, and he said he'd take the liberty to wait there for you."

"Very well; I'll go and hear what he has to say."

Lucius went down-stairs to the large room with its multifarious contents—the room which held the chief part of Mr. Sivewright's collection.

Here he found Mr. Wincher, moving about feebly with a dusting brush in his hand.

"Well, Mr. Wincher, what's the matter with you this morning?" asked Lucius. "Do you want to consult me professionally?"

"No, sir. It isn't anything that way," answered the old man, who was somewhat his wife's superior in education, but infinitely less able to hold his own conversationally, such intellectual powers as he may have originally possessed having run to seed during his long dull life, and the only remaining brightness being that feeble glimmer which still illumined the regions of art. He would swear to an old master's handling—could tell a Memling from a Van Eyck—or an Ostade from a Jan Steen—knew every mark to be found on old china or delf, from the earliest specimens of Rouen ware to the latest marvels of Sevres, from the clumsiest example of Battersea to the richest purple and gilding of Worcester. But beyond the

ble yourself to be tragical, Mr. Wincher, but say what you have to say, and be quick about it. I tell you again that I am in no manner surprised to hear this house has been robbed. It was no doubt robbed last night, and perhaps many nights before. But I tell you frankly, that I intend to take measures to prevent this house being robbed again, even if those measures should include putting you and your good lady upon the outside of it."

"Lord have mercy upon us!" cried Mr. Wincher, wringing his hands. "You are a great deal too hard upon me, sir. You'll be sorry for it when you find out how unjust you've been."

"I promise to be sorry," answered Lucius, "when I do make that discovery. Now, Mr. Wincher, be explicit, if you please."

But Mr. Wincher declared that he was all of a tremble, and had to sit down upon an ancient chair-stall, and wipe the perspiration from his forehead before he was able to proceed.

Lucius waited patiently for the old man to recover his self-possession, but in no manner relaxed the severity of his countenance. In



"THE LOVERS, FAITHFUL AFTER TWICE TWENTY YEARS."

realms of art the flame of Mr. Wincher's intellect was dim as a farthing rushlight.

"I've had a shock this morning, sir," he said.

"Some kind of a fit, do you mean?" asked Lucius. "You said you didn't want to consult me professionally."

"No more I do, sir. The shock I'm talking about wasn't bodily, but mental. I've made a dreadful discovery, Mr. Davoren. This house has been robbed."

"I'm not surprised to hear it," said Lucius sternly.

He thought he saw which way matters were drifting. This old man was cunning enough to be the first to give the alarm. Lucius's incautious remarks to Mrs. Wincher had put her husband upon his guard, and he was now going to play the comedy of innocence.

"Not surprised to hear it, sir!" he echoed, staring aghast at Lucius.

"No, Mr. Wincher. And I am sure that no one knows more about it than you do."

"Good heavens, sir! what do you mean?"

"Let me hear your story, sir," answered Lucius, "and then I'll tell you what I mean."

"But for heaven's sake, Mr. Davoren, tell me you don't suspect me of any hand in the robbery!" cried the old man piteously—"I, that have lived three-and-twenty years with Mr. Sivewright, and had the care of everything that belonged to him during all that time!"

"A man may wait twenty years for a good opportunity," said Lucius coolly. "Don't trou-

ble all this agitation, in this pretended desire to confide in him, he saw only a clever piece of acting.

"Well, Mr. Wincher," he said, as the old servant mopped his forehead with a blue cotton handkerchief, "how about this robbery?"

"I'm coming to it, sir. But you've given me such a turn with what you said just now. God knows how cruel, and how uncalled-for those words of yours were."

"Pray proceed, Mr. Wincher."

"Well, sir, you must know there's a deal of property about this place, perhaps a good deal more than you've ever seen, though our old master seemed to take to you from the first, and has been more confidential with you than he ever was with any one else. Now there's a good deal of the property that isn't portable, and there's some that is—china, for instance; little bits of teacups and saucers that are worth more than you'd be willing to believe; and silver—"

"Silver!" exclaimed Lucius, astonished.

"Yes, sir. You didn't know of that, perhaps. Among the things master collected after he retired from business—and he was always collecting something, as long as he could get about among the brokers, and in all the courts and alleys in London—there was a good bit of old silver. Five Queen Anne teapots; three Oliver Cromwell tankards, not very much to look at unless you were up to that sort of thing, but worth their weight in gold. Mr. Sivewright dues to say to me. "I wish I was rich enough

to do more in old silver," he has said many a time. "There's nothing like it. Collectors are waking up to the value of it, and before many years are over old silver will be almost as precious as diamonds." He picked up a good many nice little bits first and last through rummaging about among old chaps that dealt in second-hand stuff of that sort, and didn't trouble to ask any awkward questions of the people that brought 'em the goods; picked up things that would have gone into the melting-pot very likely, if his eye hadn't been quick enough to see their value. One day he'd bring home a set of spindle-legged salt-cellars; another time a battered old rose-water dish. Once he bought a "monstrance," which had been used upon some cathedral altar, once upon a time—solid gold set with rubies and emeralds. "The fool that had bought took it for ormolu," he said.

"And these are the things that are gone, I suppose," said Lucius, somewhat puzzled by the old man's loquacity. Why should Wincher inform him of the existence of these things if he were an accomplice of the thief? Yet this seeming candor was doubtless a part of the traitor's scheme.

"Every one of 'em sir. There's been a clean sweep made of 'em. But how any thief could find out where they were kept is more than I can fathom. It's too much for my poor old brains."

"The thief was well informed, depend upon it, Mr. Wincher," answered Lucius, with intention. "And pray, whereabouts did you keep this old silver?"

"Would you like to see, sir?"

"I should."

"I'll show you the place then."

Mr. Wincher led the way to the extreme end of the repository, where behind a tall screen of old oak panelling there was a massive muniment chest, furnished with a lock which seemed calculated to defy the whole race of burglars and pick-locks.

Mr. Wincher took a key from his pocket—a small key, for the lock was of modern make—unlocked and opened the chest. There was nothing in it except an old damask curtain.

"The silver was rolled up in that curtain," said Mr. Wincher, taking up the curtain and shaking it vigorously, as if with some faint hope that the Queen Anne teapots would fall out of its folds, like the rabbits or live pigeons in a conjuror's trick. "The iron safe was a landlord's fixture in Bond street, and we were obliged to leave it behind us, so this chest was the safest place I could find to put the silver in; in fact, master told me to put it there."

"I see," thought Lucius; the old scoundrel is telling me this story in advance of the time when his master will inevitably ask for the silver. This seeming candor is the depth of hypocrisy."

Mr. Wincher stood staring at the empty chest in apathetic hopelessness, feebly rubbing his chin, whereon some grizzled tufts lingered.

"Do you mean to tell me," said Lucius, "that this chest was locked, and that you had the key of it in your pocket, at the time of the robbery?"

"Yes, sir. The chest has never been left unlocked for five minutes since that silver has been in my care, and I have never slept without this key being under my pillow."

"And you would have me believe that a stranger could hit upon the precise spot where the silver was kept, amidst this inextricable tangle of property, open the box without doing any damage to the lock, and walk off with his booty without your knowing anything of his entrance or exit?"

"It seems strange, doesn't it, Mr. Davoren?"

"It seems more than strange, Mr. Wincher. It seems—and it is—incredible."

"And yet, sir, the thing has been done. The question is, was it done by a stranger?"

"Yes, Mr. Wincher, that is the question; and it is a question which, to my mind, suggests only one answer."

"You mean that I am telling you lies, sir? that it was my hand which stole those things?" cried the old man.

"To be plain with you, Mr. Wincher, that is precisely my idea."

"You are doing me a great wrong, sir. I have served my master faithfully for so many years that I ought to be above suspicion. I have not much longer to remain in this world, and I would rather die of want to-morrow than lengthen my days by a dishonest action. However, if you choose to suspect me, there is an end of the matter; and it is useless for me to say any more."

There was a quiet dignity about the old man's air as he said this that impressed Lucius. Was it not just possible that he had done wrong in jumping at conclusions about these Winchers? The police, who are apt to jump at conclusions, are just as apt to be wrong. But if these people were not guilty, who else could have opened the door to that midnight intruder? There was no one else.

"Come, Mr. Wincher," he said, "I have good reason for my suspicion. I saw a man admitted into this house, by one of the back doors, between one and two o'clock this morning. You, or your wife, must have opened the door to that man."

"As there is a heaven above us, sir, I never stirred from my bed after half-past eleven o'clock last night."

"Your wife must have admitted him, then."

"Impossible, sir!"

"I tell you I saw the man creep from the barges to the garden; I saw the door opened,"

said Lucius, and then went on to describe that midnight watch of his minutely.

The old man stared at him in sheer bewilderment.

"A stranger admitted!" he repeated. "But by whom? by whom?"

"Had I not seen the light as the door opened, I might have thought that the man opened the door for himself," said Lucius.

"That would have been equally impossible. I looked to all the fastenings myself the last thing. The doors were locked and barred, and those old-fashioned iron bars are no trifling defence."

Lucius, too, was bewildered. Could Mr. Sivewright himself have disposed of this property? In so eccentric a man nothing need be surprising. Could he have crept down-stairs in the dead of the night to admit some dealer, disposed of his property, dismissed the man, and crept stealthily back to his bed! No, that was too wild a fancy. Despite of his eccentricities, Mr. Sivewright had plenty of common sense, and such a proceeding as that would have been the act of a madman.

"Supposing any stranger to have obtained admittance to the house," said Lucius, after an interval of perplexed thought, "how could he have opened that chest without your key?"

"A stranger could not possibly have done it," said Wincher, with a stress upon the word "stranger."

"Who else, then?"

"There is one that could have opened that chest easy enough, or any other lock in the place, supposing him to be alive; but I make no doubt he's dead and gone ever so long ago."

"Whom do you mean?"

"Mr. Ferdinand, my master's son."

Lucius gave a slight start at the sound of that unwelcome name, of all sounds the most hateful to his ear.

"Then he—Ferdinand Sivewright—had a duplicate key, I suppose?"

"Yes, of most things about the place in Bond-street, except the iron safe; he never could get at that till he drugged his father, and stole the key out of his pocket while he was asleep. But other things, that were pretty easy to get at, he did get at, and robbed his father up hill and down dale, as the saying is. O, he was a thorough-paced scoundrel, though I'm sorry to say it, as he was our young miss's father."

"He had a duplicate key to that chest, you say?"

"Yes. He was that artful there was no being up to him. We used to keep old china in that chest—Battersea and Chelsea and Worcester and Derby—valuable little bits of the English school, which fetch higher prices than anything foreign nowadays. All of a sudden, soon after he came to be partner with his father—for the old man doated upon him, and would have made any sacrifice to please him—I found out that the specimens in the muniment chest were dwindling somehow. One day I missed a cup and saucer, and another day a soup-basin and cover, and so on. At first I thought I must be mistaken—my own catalogue was wrong, perhaps—but by and by I saw the things visibly melting, as you may say, and I told my master. He told Mr. Ferdinand about it; but bless your heart, Mr. Ferdinand brings out the day-book with the sale of those very goods entered as neatly as possible, some under one date, and some under another. 'I never remember taking the money for those things, Ferdinand,' said my master; but Mr. Ferdinand stood him out that he'd had the money all correct, and master believed him, or pretended to believe him, I hardly know which. And so things went on. Sometimes it was in small things, sometimes in large; but in every way that a son could plunder his father, Ferdinand Sivewright plundered my master. It was quite by accident I found out about his having the duplicate key; he came to the desk where I was writing one day and asked me to give him change for a sovereign, and in taking the money out of his waistcoat-pocket in his quick impatient way he tumbled out a lot of other things—a pencil-case, a penknife, and a key. I knew that key at a glance; it's a peculiar-looking one, as you see. 'That's a curious little key, Mr. Ferdinand,' said I, picking it up and looking at it before he could stop me. 'Yes,' he said, taking it out of my hand before I'd had time to examine it very closely, and putting it back in his pocket, 'it's a key that belonged to my poor mother's jewel-case. No use to me; but I keep it for her sake.' Well, sir, I told Mr. Sivewright about that key, but he only sighed in that weary way which was common enough with him in those days. He didn't seem surprised, and indeed I think he'd come to know his son's ways pretty well by this time. 'Say nothing about it, Wincher,' he said to me, 'you may be mistaken after all. In any case you needn't keep anything valuable in the chest in future. If my only son is a thief, we won't put temptation in his way.'

"Hard upon the father," said Lucius. "But this throws no light upon the disappearance of those things. What do you consider their value?"

"As old silver the plate may be worth about forty pounds, as specimens of art at least three hundred. The monstrosity is worth much more."

"Humph, and I suppose a thief would be likely to sell them immediately as old silver."

"Yes; unless he were a very artful dodger, and knew where to find a good market for them, he'd be likely to sell them off the reel, to be melted down."

"When did you last see the things safe in that chest?" asked Lucius.

"About ten days ago. I haven't much to do

you see, sir, except grub about amongst the collection; and I'm in the habit of looking over the things pretty often, and comparing them with my catalogue, to see that all's right."

"And you never missed anything before?"

"Never so much as a cracked teacup among what I call the rubbishing lots. Heaven only knows how that chest could have been emptied. Even if Ferdinand Sivewright were in the land of the living, which is hardly likely—for if he'd been alive he'd have come and tried to get money out of his poor old father before this—he couldn't get into this house unless some one let him in."

"No, not unless some one let him in," repeated Lucius thoughtfully. He had begun to think old Wincher was perhaps, after all, an honest man. But to believe this was to make the mystery darker than the darkest night. His ideas were all at sea, drifting which way he knew not.

"Ferdinand Sivewright is dead," he said presently. "He will never trouble his father again."

"How do you know that, sir?" asked Wincher eagerly.

"Never mind how. I do know it, and that is enough. Now, Wincher, there's no use in talking of this business any more, except in a practical manner. If you're as innocent of any hand in the robbery as you pretend to be, you won't shrink from inquiry."

"I do not shrink from inquiry, sir. If I did I shouldn't have told you of the robbery."

"That might be a profound artifice, since the disappearance of these things must have been found out sooner or later."

"If I had been the thief I should have tried to stave off the discovery as long as I could," answered Mr. Wincher. "However, I don't want to argue; the truth is the truth, that is enough for me."

"Very well, Mr. Wincher. What we have to do is to try and recover these missing articles. Unless the silver is melted down it ought to be easily traced. And the monstrosity would be still more easily traced, I should think."

"That would depend upon circumstances, sir. Depend upon it, if the things were taken by a thief who knows their value, and knows the best market for them, he'll send them abroad."

"They may be traced even abroad. What we have to do is to put the case at once into the best hands. I shall go straight from here to a detective officer, whom I've had some dealings with already, and get his advice. Now, is there much more property amongst the collection valuable enough to tempt a thief, and sufficiently portable for him to carry away?"

"There is a great deal of china, small pieces, quite as valuable as the silver—not, perhaps, quite so easy to carry, but very nearly so."

"Then we must have the inside of this house guarded to-night."

"I can sit up here all night and keep watch."

"You would be no match for the thief, even if he came alone, which we are not certain he would. No, my dear Mr. Wincher, I will engage a properly-qualified watchman, but remember, on your life, not one word of this to Miss Sivewright—or to your wife, who might be tempted to tell her young mistress."

"Very well, sir. I know how to hold my tongue. I'd be the last to go and frighten Missy. But how about my old master? Is he to know?"

"Not on any account. In his present weak state any violent agitation might be fatal, and we know that collecting these things has been the ruling passion of his life. To tell him that he is being robbed of these things might be to give him his death-blow."

"Very well, sir. I'll obey orders."

"Good; and if I have wronged you, Mr. Wincher, by a groundless suspicion, you must pardon me. You will allow that appearances are somewhat against you."

"They are, sir, they are!" answered the old man despondently.

"However, time will show. I will send my watchman in at dusk. You could let him in at the back door, couldn't you, without Miss Sivewright knowing anything about it?"

"I could, sir. There's a little door opening into the brewhouse, which opens out of the boot-house, as you may know."

"No, indeed! I know there are a lot of out-buildings, room enough to lodge a regiment; but I have never taken any particular notice of them."

"It's a curious old place, Mr. Davoren, and goodness knows what it could have been used for in days gone by, unless it was for hiding folks away for no good. Perhaps you'd like to see the door I mean."

"I should," replied Lucius, "in order that I may explain its situation to the policeman."

"Come along with me then, sir, and I'll show it you."

CHAPTER VII.

THE HIDDEN STAIRCASE.

Lucius had a keen desire to explore those back premises, with a vague notion that his examination of them might throw some light upon the mystery which now filled his mind.

If these Winchers were indeed innocent, which the old man's manner and conduct inclined him to believe they must be, who was the guilty one? In that house—with the exception of its master, who in his feebleness counted for nothing—there were but three persons, Mr. and Mrs. Wincher and Lucille. One of those three must have opened the door last night; one of those three must have placed that candle in the up-

per window—the candle which was evidently meant for a signal.

Lucille! Was reason deserting him? Was this perplexity of mind verging upon madness, when her name would suggest itself in connection with that secret admittance of the stranger, and that theft which was no doubt its direct consequence? Lucille, that gentle and innocent girl! What had she to do with the solution of this dark enigma?

The mere thought of her in connection with this nefarious business tortured, nay almost maddened him. Yet the idea, once having occurred to him, was not easily to be dismissed.

He remembered all the stories of secret crime that he had heard and read of, some stories involving creatures as seemingly innocent and as fair as Lucille Sivewright. He recalled his own professional experience, which had shown him much of life's darker side. He remembered with a shudder the infinite hypocrisy, the hidden sins, of women in all outward semblance as womanly as the girl he loved.

What if Lucille inherited the fatal taint of her father's infamy? What if in this fair young girl there lurked some hidden drops of that poison which corrupted the parent's soul? Could an evil tree produce good fruit? Could grapes come of thistles? The very Scripture was against his fond belief in Lucille Sivewright's goodness. Could such a father give life to a pure and innocent child?

This doubt, one having entered into his mind, lingered there in spite of him. His heart was racked by the odious thought, yet he could not dismiss it. He followed Mr. Wincher to inspect the back part of the house in a very absent-minded condition; but the practical side of his character soon got the upper hand as the investigation proceeded, and he was alert to make any discovery that might be made from the position of doors and windows.

In his evening walks with Lucille in the barren old garden he had always come out of the house by a glass door opening out of a long-disused back parlor, in which there were only a few-wooden cases, which might for aught Lucius knew be full or empty. Old Wincher now led him into the kitchen, a spacious chamber, with a barn-like roof open to the rafters, showing the massive timbers with which the house was built. From the kitchen they descended three shallow steps into a vault-like scullery, out of which, ghastly in their dark emptiness, opened various cellars. Lucius peered into one of them, and saw that a flight of steep stairs led down into a black abyss.

"Bring a light," he said; "the man may be hiding in one of these cellars. We'd better explore them all. But first let us look the doors, and out off his chances of escape."

He suited the action to the word, and locked the door leading to the kitchen, and thence to the interior of the house.

"Where do you and your wife sleep?" he asked Mr. Wincher.

"In a little room off the kitchen. It was built for a storeroom, I believe, and there's shelves all round. My good lady keeps our Sunday clothes on them, and our little bit of tea and sugar and suchlike, for we board ourselves."

"One would think you must hear any one passing through the kitchen at night, when the house is quiet," said Lucius meditatively.

"I don't feel so sure of that, sir. We're pretty hard sleepers both of us; we're on the trot all day, you see, and are very near worn out by the time we get to bed."

"Strange," said Lucius. "I should have thought you must have heard footsteps in the next room to that you sleep in."

Mr. Wincher made no farther attempt to justify his hard sleeping, but led the way to the boot-house, a small and darksome chamber, chiefly tenanted by members of the beetle tribe, who apparently found sufficient aliment in the loose plaster which fell from the mildew-stained walls, and thence to the brewery, which was almost as large as the kitchen, and boasted a huge copper, and a still huge chimney-shaft open to the sky. There were three doors in this place—one narrow and low, opening to an obscure corner of the garden; a second belonging to a spacious cupboard, which may have been used for wood in days gone by; and the third a mysterious little door in an angle.

"What does that belong to?" asked Lucius, pointing to this unknown door, after examining the one leading to the garden, which was securely locked and barred, and, according to Mr. Wincher's account, was very rarely unfastened. "That door yonder in the corner," he asked again, as the old man hesitated. "Where does that lead?"

"I can't say as I know very well," answered Mr. Wincher dubiously. "There's a kind of a staircase leads up somewhere—to a loft, I suppose."

"Why, man alive," cried Lucius, "do you mean to tell me that you have lived all these years in this house and that there is a staircase in it which leads you don't know where?"

"You can't hardly call it a staircase, sir," answered Mr. Wincher apologetically; "it's very little more than a ladder."

"Ladder or staircase, do you mean to say you don't know where it leads?"

"No, sir. I'm not particular strong in my legs, and there's a great deal more room than we want in this house without poking into holes and corners; so I never troubled about it."

"Indeed, Mr. Wincher; now I am more curious than you, and I propose that before examining the cellars we find out where this staircase leads to."

"I'm agreeable, sir."

"You talk about a loft; but the roof of this

brewhouse shows that there can be nothing above it."

"Very true, sir."

"And the kitchen is built in the same way?"

"Yes, sir. But there's the boot-house. I took it for granted that staircase led to a loft or a garret over that."

"Can you see nothing from outside?"

"Nothing, except the sloping roof."

Lucius opened the door in the angle, and beheld a curious cramped little staircase, which, as Mr. Wincher had told him, was verily little better than a ladder. It was by no means an inviting staircase, bearing upon it the dust and cobwebs of ages, and leading to profound darkness. To the timid mind it was eminently suggestive of vermin and noxious insects. But Lucius, who was determined to discover the ins and outs of this curious old house, ascended the feeble creaking steps boldly enough.

The stairs were steep, but not many. On reaching the topmost, Lucius found himself, not in a room as he had expected, but in a passage so narrow that his coatsleeves brushed against the wall on either side. The passage was perfectly dark, and had a damp mouldy odour. It was low, for he could touch the roughly-plastered ceiling with his hand. He went on, treading cautiously, lest he should come to some gap in the rotten flooring which might precipitate him incontinently to the lowest depth of some dark cellar. The passage was long; he stumbled presently against a step, mounted three or four stairs, and went on some few yards farther on the higher level, and then found himself at the foot of another staircase, which, unlike the one below, wound upwards in spiral fashion, and demanded extreme caution from the stranger who trod its precipitous steps.

This Lucius mounted slowly, feeling his way. After the first step or two he saw a faint glimmer of light, which seemed to creep in at some chink above. This got stronger as he ascended, and presently he perceived that it came from a crack in a panelled wall. Another step brought him to a small chamber, not much larger than a roomy closet. He felt the wall that faced him, and discovered bolts, which seemed to fasten a door, or it might be a sliding panel in the wall.

Scarcely had he done this when he was startled by a sound which was very peculiar to him—Mr. Sivewright's sharp short cough.

He drew back amazed. This secret staircase—or if not exactly a secret staircase, at least one which nobody had taken the trouble to explore—had led him directly to Mr. Sivewright's room.

He waited for a few minutes, heard the old man sigh as he turned wearily in his bed, heard the crackle of a newspaper presently as he turned the leaf, and convinced himself of the fact. This closet communicated with Homer Sivewright's room. Whether its existence was known to Mr. Sivewright or not was a question which he must settle for himself as best he might.

He went back as noiselessly as he had come, and found Mr. Wincher waiting in the brew-house, patiently seated upon a three-legged stool.

"Well, sir, you didn't find much, I suppose, to compensate for having made such a figure of your coat with plaster and cobwebs—only rubbish and such-like, I suppose?"

"My good Mr. Wincher, I found positively nothing," answered Lucius. "But I extended my knowledge of the geography of this queer old house, and in doing that recompensed myself for my trouble. Yes," he added, glancing disconsolately at his coat, "the whitewash has not improved my appearance; and the cost of a coat is still a matter of importance to me. Now for the cellars, Mr. Wincher. You are sure all means of exit are cut off?"

"Quite sure, sir."

"Then we may find our thief snugly stowed away underground perhaps, with the booty upon him. Come along."

They groped their way into the various cellars by the light of a candle, and examined their emptiness. Two out of the four had contained coals, but were now disused. The small quantities of coal which Mr. Sivewright afforded for his household were accommodated in a roomy closet in the kitchen. The remaining two had contained wine, and a regiment of empty bottles still remained, the fragile memorials of past prosperity. They found beetles and spiders in profusion, and crossed the pathway of a rat; but they discovered no trace of the thief.

This exploration and the previous conversation with Mr. Wincher occupied nearly two hours. Lucius left the house without again seeing Lucille. He would have been unable to account for his occupation during those two hours without giving her fresh cause for alarm. But before going he contrived to see Mrs. Wincher, and from that matron, now perfectly placable, he received the pleasing intelligence that Lucille was fast asleep on a sofa in the parlor.

"I brought her in a ramshackle old sofa belonging to the brickleback," said Mrs. Wincher; "Lewis Katorse, my good gentleman calls it. And she laid down when I persuaded her, and went off just like a child that's worn out with being on the trot all day. But she does look so sad and worried-like in her sleep, poor dear, it goes to my heart to see her."

"Sad and worried," thought Lucius; and he had added to her worries by arousing her childish fears of an unknown danger. And then at the very time when she was broken down altogether by trouble and grief, had taken it into his head to suspect her. He hated himself for those shameful doubts which had tortured him a little while before.

"Come what may," he said to himself, "let

events take what shape they will, I will never again suspect her. Though I had forged the chain of evidence link by link, and it led straight to her, I would believe that facts were lies rather than think her guilty."

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. OTRANTO PRONOUNCES AN OPINION.

From Cedar House Lucius went straight to Mr. Otranto's office. It was still early, not yet noon, and he would have time for his daily round after he had settled this business, which was uppermost in his mind.

"Well," he said, after a brief good-morning to the detective, "any news from Rio?"

"Some, but not much," answered Mr. Otranto, looking up from the desk, at which he had been copying some document into a note-book. "The mail's just in. I was going to write you a letter in the course of to-day or to-morrow. This Mr. Ferdinand Sivewright seems to have been altogether a bad lot—card-sharper, swindler, anything you like. He soon made Rio too hot to hold him, and after managing to rub on there about six months, went on to Mexico. My agent hunted up any information about him that was to be got in Mexico; but it's a long time ago, you see, since he was there. He seems to have behaved pretty much the same in Mexico as he did in Rio, and that's about all my agent could hear. The impression was that he had left Mexico on the quiet—taken French leave, as you may say—and come back to England; but he couldn't find out the name of the vessel he sailed in."

"You needn't take any farther trouble about the matter, Mr. Otranto," said Lucius. "I believe I have found the missing links in the man's history. My business to-day is of a different kind."

He went on to explain the state of affairs at Cedar House. Mr. Otranto shook his head doubtfully.

"I think you ought to put this into the hands of the regular police," he said; "my line is private inquiry. This is rather out of my way."

"But it isn't out of your old way, Mr. Otranto, when you belonged to the regular police. If I were to go to the police-station they'd send a loud-talking noisy man to examine the premises, and frighten the invalid gentleman I've been telling you about. I want the property recovered, if possible, and the place closely watched; but I want the thing done quietly, and I'd rather trust it in your hands than make a police-case of it."

"Very well, sir; I'll do my best. I'll send a quiet hand round to Cedar House at nine o'clock to-night."

"Good; but he must come in at the back. I'll have some one on the watch for him at nine. I'd better write my directions as to the way he must come. The young lady's sitting-room is in the front of the house; so he mustn't come in that way, for fear she should see him."

Lucius wrote his instructions for the detective. He was to come from the barges to the garden, as the thief had come, and he would see a door ajar, and a light burning in one of the out-buildings. This was the door by which he was to enter.

"And now, sir, for a description of the property," said Mr. Otranto, "if you want me to trace it."

"A description?"

"Yes to be sure. I can do nothing without that."

"I never thought of that," replied Lucius, feeling himself a poor creature when face to face with this practical far-seeing private detective; "you will want a description of course. I only know that there are Queen-Anne teapots, Cromwell tankards—"

"Queen Anne be hanged!" exclaimed the detective contemptuously.

"Some curious old saltcellars, and a monstrosity."

"What in the name of wonder is that?" cried the detective. "I'll tell you what it is, sir, I must have a detailed description before I can move a peg. I daresay the property is out of the country by this time, if it isn't in the melting-pot."

"A thief who took the trouble to rob Mr. Sivewright would most likely have some idea what he was stealing," answered Lucius, "and would hardly take rare old silver to the melting-pot. I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Otranto; I'll bring the old servant round here this afternoon, and you shall have the description from him. In cross-questioning him about the robbery you might, perhaps, arrive at some conclusion as to whether he had any hand in it."

"I might, perhaps," retorted Mr. Otranto, with ineffable contempt; "let me have half-a-dozen words with the man and I'll soon settle that question. I never saw the man yet that was made of such opaque stuff that I couldn't see through him."

"So much the better," said Lucius. "I want to find out whether this old man is a consummate hypocrite or an honest fellow. Shall you be at home at four o'clock this afternoon?"

"I shall."

"Then I'll bring him to you at that hour."

Lucius went about his day's work, and got through it by half-past three, when he took a hansom cab, a rare extravagance for him, and drove to Cedar House.

He asked at once to see Mrs. Wincher's good gentleman, whereupon Mr. Wincher emerged from his retreat briskly enough, and came to the garden-gate where Lucius waited.

"You haven't heard anything of the property?" he asked eagerly.

"No. But I want you to come along with me to give a description of it."

"To the police-station, sir?" asked Wincher, without any appearance of alarm or unwillingness.

"Never mind where. You'll find out all about it when you get there," answered Lucius, in whose mind yet lurked suspicions as to the old servant's honesty.

The cab bore them speedily to Mr. Otranto's office, and was there dismissed. Wincher entered that cave of mystery as calmly as a lamb going to the slaughter, or indeed much more calmly than the generality of those gentle animals, which seem to have a foreknowledge of the doom that awaits them within.

Mr. Otranto looked up from his desk and contemplated the old man with a critical glance, keen, swift, searching, the glance of a connoisseur in that walk of art, as if Mr. Wincher had been a picture, and he, Mr. Otranto, were called upon to decide whether he were an original or a fraudulent copy. After that brief survey, the detective gave a somewhat contemptuous sniff; and then proceeded to elicit a description of the lost property, which Mr. Wincher gave ramblingly, and in a feebly nervous manner. To Lucius it seemed very much the manner of guilt.

Mr. Otranto asked a great many questions about the robbery, some of which seemed to Lucius puerile or even absurd. But he deferred to the superior wisdom of the trained detective.

In the course of this inquiry Mr. Otranto made himself acquainted with the numerous ins and outs of Cedar House.

"A house built especially for the accommodation of burglars, one would suppose," he said; "there must be hiding-places enough for half the cracksmen in London. However, I think if there is any one still on the premises—or if the visitor of last night pays any farther visits—we shall catch them. I shall put on two men to-night, Mr. Davoren, instead of one—one to keep guard in the room that contains the property, the other to watch the back premises. This business will cost money, remember—but, by Jove, we'll succeed in trapping the scoundrel!"

"Your services shall be paid for," said Lucius, not without a pang, remembering the tenpound-note he had already given Mr. Otranto on account of the Rio inquiry, and of which there remained no balance in his favor—nay, there was more likely a balance against him.

"You can go, Mr.—Mr. What's-your-name," said the detective carelessly; and Mr. Wincher, thus dismissed, hobbled feebly forth to wend his way back to Cedar House; so rare a visitant to this outer world that the clamor of fends in Pandemonium.

"Well," said Lucius, directly the old servant had departed, "what do you think of that old man?"

"He isn't up to it," answered Mr. Otranto contemptuously.

"Isn't up to what?"

"To having act or part in that robbery. He isn't up to it," repeated the detective, snapping his fingers with increasing contempt. "It isn't in him, Lor bless you, Mr. Davoren, I know 'em when I see 'em. There's a brightness about their eye, a firmness about their mouth, a nerve about 'em altogether, that there's no mistaking."

"About a thief, I suppose you mean?" inquired Lucius.

"Yes, sir, I know 'em fast enough when I see 'em. There's the stamp of intellect upon 'em, sir—with very few exceptions there's talent in 'em to back 'em up through everything. You don't catch them stammering and stuttering like that poor old chap just now. Not a bit of it. They're as clear as crystal. They've got their story ready, and they tell it short and sharp and decisive, if they're first-raters; a little too wordy, perhaps, if they're new to their work."

Mr. Otranto dwelt on the talent of the criminal classes with an evident satisfaction.

"As for that poor old chap," he said decisively, "there isn't genius enough or pluck enough in him for the kitchen lay."

Lucius did not pause to inquire about this particular branch of the art, whereof he was profoundly ignorant.

"He might not have pluck enough to attempt the robbery unaided," he said, still persisting in the idea that Mr. Wincher might be guilty, "yet he might be capable of opening the door to an accomplice."

"He didn't do it, sir," answered the detective decisively. "I'd have had it out of him if he had before you could have known what I was leading up to. I laid every trap for him that could be laid, and if he had done it he must have walked into one of 'em. I should have caught him tripping, depend upon it. But taking the question from a psychological point of view," continued Mr. Otranto, who sometimes got hold of a fine word, "I tell you it isn't in his composition to do such a thing."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Lucius, somewhat dejectedly.

He left Mr. Otranto's office only in time to take a hasty dinner at a city eating-house, where huge rounds of boiled beef were dealt out to hungry customers in a somewhat rough-and-ready fashion. He had very little appetite for the ample and economical repast, but ate a little nevertheless, being fully aware of the evil effects of long fasting on an overworked mind and body. This brief collation dispatched, he went straight to Cedar House, to keep his appointment with Mr. Sivewright.

(To be continued.)

LOVETIDE.

Chiselled cups of fairest flowers
Through the fields are blossoming;
Summer splendor bathes the hours
In a rosy coloring.
Days are sweet when love is turning
Things of earth to brightest gold;
Days are sweet when souls are yearning
Heart to heart to fold and hold.

Where the stream goes leaping by,
Lisp'ing ripples kiss each shore;
Hark, the willows softly sigh
To the waters they hang o'er.
Youth and maiden half forgot—
Scarcely heed the world without;
Hands by tender hands are met;
Lips are pressed by lips devout.

Oh, the paradise of pleasure,
Whither souls ascend in love!
Mingling rapture without measure,
As they soar to heaven above.
Stay, sweet moments; life is fleet
Than the streamlet rushing by;
Stay, sweet moments; love is sweeter
Than all earth-born ecstasy.

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

Every Swiss tourist knows the Reuss, that most turbulent of little streams, which comes thundering down through its narrow and stony bed, at a depth of fifty feet from the carriage road, between two walls formed of almost perpendicular rocks; well, this same Reuss formerly intercepted all communication between the inhabitants of the Val de Cornara and those of the Valley of Göschenen; that is to say, between the Grisons and the people of Uri. This impassable barrier caused so much loss to the two cantons bordering on the stream that they assembled their most skillful architects, and accordingly, at the common expense, several bridges were built at various periods, from bank to bank, not one of which had ever proved sufficiently solid to withstand for more than one year the violence of the tempests, the mountain torrents, or the falls of avalanches. One last attempt of this kind had been made toward the close of the fifteenth century, and the winter being now almost past, hopes were raised that this time the bridge would resist all attacks, when one morning a villager came to inform the bailli of Göschenen that the passage was again intercepted.

"Well, then," cried the worthy bailli, in a pet, "it is only the devil that can build us one."

He had scarcely uttered the words, when his servant announced that a stranger desired to speak to his worship on pressing business.

"Show him in," said the bailli.

The domestic retired, and presently ushered in a man of about thirty or five and thirty years of age, clad in the German fashion, that is to say, wearing a pair of red tight pantaloons, and a closely-fitting jacket of black cloth, slashed at the sleeves, and disclosing to view a lining of flame-colored satin. His head was covered with a black cap of peculiar form, a style of head-dress to which a long crimson plume lent by its undulations a peculiar grace.

"To whom," said the bailli, motioning his visitor politely to a seat, "have I the honor of speaking?"

The stranger, after a cautious glance around, to ascertain that they were alone, walked up to the bailli, and whispered something in his astonished ear.

The worthy magistrate gave utterance to a long, low whistle. "Oho! that's it, is it?" quoth he.

"Exactly so," said the stranger, quietly. "Not so black, eh? and all that sort of thing; excuse me, I know what you are thinking of; but now that we understand one another, let's make ourselves comfortable. So saying, he drew a chair to the fire, seized the poker, and gave the coals a vigorous stir. "It is deuced cold up here," quoth the stranger; "won't you come into the fire, as we say in Scotland?"

The bailli did not require a second bidding, but drew up his chair and placed his feet on the fender, while the stranger deposited his on the hob.

"Well, my good friend," commenced the stranger, "so you want a little of my assistance, eh?"

"I own, monsieur," replied the bailli, "that your valuable aid would not be altogether useless."

"For this confounded bridge, is it not? Well, is it an article of such absolute necessity?"

"We can none of us get across."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the stranger.

"Come, now, do be good-natured," resumed the bailli, after a brief pause; "build us one."

"That is precisely what I came to propose to you."

"Well, then, the only point that remains to be discussed is—" the bailli hesitated.

"The price," added the stranger, regarding his interlocutor with a singular expression of cunning.

"Ye—s," stammered out the bailli, feeling that it would be there the rub would be.

"Oh, as to that," said the stranger, balancing himself as he spoke on the hinder legs of the chair while he amused himself by paring his nails with the bailli's penknife; "in the first place, let me premise that I do not intend to be hard upon you on that point."

"Ab, come, now, that's very pleasant!" said the bailli. "Let's see; the last bridge cost us sixty marks of gold; we will double this sum for the new one, but we really cannot go further than that."

"Pshaw! what do I want with your gold!" replied the stranger. "I make it as I want it. Look here."

While thus speaking, the stranger took a red-hot coal out of the middle of the fire with as much ease as he would have picked an almond out of a comfit-box.

"Hold out your hand," he said to the bailli.

The bailli hesitated.

"Don't be afraid," continued the stranger; and so saying, he placed within the bailli's fingers an ingot of the purest gold, as cold as if it had that moment been dug from the mine. The bailli turned it round and round in every direction, and after a careful examination, handed it back to his visitor.

"No, no; keep it," said the latter, passing one leg over the other with a self-sufficient air; "keep it as a little souvenir of our very pleasant interview."

"I must understand by this," said the bailli, carefully depositing the gold, however, in a large leather purse; "I must understand, I say, by this, that if gold costs you such small pains in the manufacturing, you would rather be paid in other coin; but as I am at a loss to know what recompense would be agreeable to you, I must beg of you to name your own conditions."

The stranger reflected for a moment.

"I desire," said he, at length, "that the first individual that shall pass over this bridge may belong body and soul to me."

"Agreed," said the bailli.

"It's a bargain, then," said his visitor; "let us prepare the deeds—dictate yourself."

The bailli took pen, ink, and paper, and prepared to write. Five minutes afterward a formal agreement was drawn up, which was signed by the stranger in his own name, and by the bailli in the name and on the part of himself and his parishioners.

By this act, the stranger formally engaged to erect, within the space of one night, a bridge strong enough to last for five hundred years; and the magistrate, on his part conceded, as payment for the said bridge, the full right and title of the stranger to the first individual whom chance or necessity should compel to cross the Reuss over the stranger's marvelous viaduct.

By daybreak the following morning the bridge was completed. Shortly afterward the portly form of the bailli appeared on the road from Göschenen; he came to assure himself that his strange visitor had kept his promise.

"Good morning," said the stranger; "you see I am a man of my word."

"And I also," returned the bailli.

"How! my dear Curtius," exclaimed the stranger, in a tone of astonishment, "is it possible that you are going to devote yourself for the safety of your people?"

"Not exactly," said the bailli, dryly, depositing at his feet a sack which he had hitherto borne over his shoulders, the cords of which he began leisurely to untie. "Not exactly, my friend—not exactly."

"Why, what's all this?" said the stranger, endeavoring from the other side of the river to discern the bailli's strange movements.

"Hurroosh!" shouted the bailli, all at once.

And a dog, dragging a kettle at his tail, dashed, terror-stricken, from the sack, and crossing the bridge, rushed howling past the stranger's feet.

"Holloa, there!" cried the bailli, laughing; "don't you see your payment for the bridge running away from you; why don't you pursue it, monseigneur?"

The devil—for it is no use any longer hiding the fact from our readers, it was the devil—the devil, then, we say, was furious; he had reckoned on a human being, and was obliged to content himself with a dog. Meanwhile, as he was in good company, he put the best face he could upon the matter, pretended to think the whole affair an excellent joke, "a right merrill conceit," and laughed heartily so long as the bailli was present. But no sooner had the magistrate turned his back when he set to work, tooth and nail, in order to demolish this specimen of his handicraft; but, alas! he had constructed the bridge so conscientiously that he only turned his nails and broke his teeth, without being able to displace a fragment.

All at once, he perceived what he took to be the advance of a large concourse of people. He climbed upon a rock, and distinctly perceived the clergy of Göschenen, cross at head, and banners waving in the breeze, coming in a body to bless the devil's bridge. Our friend was now convinced that he had no longer any business there. He descended sorrowfully from his perch, and meeting a poor cow on his way, as the only object he could vent his spleen on, he seized it by the tail, and giving it a turn or two round his head, pitched it into the river.

As to the bailli of Göschenen he never heard any more of his infernal architect; only the first time that he had occasion to open his purse he burnt his fingers severely, the golden ingot having returned to the original state it had been in when drawn from the fire.

The bridge, as the stranger had promised, lasted five hundred years. A new bridge has now stolen its name, but the remains of the old one still exist beside it.

OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND.

Oh! where is the being that blindly
Will hold as the faith of his kind
That proverb of spirit unkindly
Which says, "Out of sight, out of mind?"
That heart were a wilderness lonely
Which could not this saying deny,
Did it question the memories only,
That affection will never let die.

We think of the loved in our grieving,
For we know they would feel with our care;
In our joy, for our faith is believing,
They would join, and we would they could share.

'Tis thus in our sorrows and pleasures,
Come dear ones, whom fate may remove,
And, though far "out of sight," the heart's treasures
Are nigh in the "mind" of our love.

MY BROWN GREAT-COAT.

We had just locked up the safe, and I had put the key in my pocket. (I am the accountant of the North and South of England Bank at its Padsey Branch, W. R. Yorks.) I had got my hat on, and had taken up my umbrella, when a man came running into the bank with a bag of money in his hand.

"Am I in time?" he cried. I shook my head. "Duce take it!" he said, "and I'm off to Liverpool by the next train, and then to America."

"Sorry for it," I said; "but we can't take the money."

"Well, then, what is to be done? Here's twenty-two thousand pounds in this bag, and those drafts of mine come due in a couple of days. Well, you'll have to take 'em up," he said; "I can't unless you take the money in to-night."

I knew that those drafts were coming due, and that our manager was a little anxious about them, for they were rather heavy, and the other names on them were not very good. Black, too—that was the man with the money-bag—Black was a capital customer; and not only a good customer himself, but he brought good accounts with him, and we were a young branch, and on our mettle. Well, here was the money to meet the drafts, anyhow, and I should have been a great fool to send it away just because it was after hours. So I counted it all over. There was about nineteen thousand in checks and notes, and three thousand in gold.

"Come and have a glass of beer with me," said Black, "on the way to the station."

I put the bag of money in my desk, and locked it up. I would come back presently, and have it placed in the safe. I walked to the station with Black. We had some beer together, and then he went off Americaward, and I on the way to Nemophyllar Villas. You see I was rather in the habit of calling for a glass of beer as I went home, and then going on, and consequently, from the force of habit, I'd got home before I remembered the bag of money. I was vexed, too, because we had a tea-party that night, the first since our marriage, and it began at six o'clock, and I'd promised to be home an hour earlier, to draw the corks and help to get things ready. And here it was six o'clock, and I had to go all the way back to the bank. All the way back I went, as hard as I could pelt. However, the money was all right in my desk, and now I would put it in the safe.

"Tell Mr. Cousins"—our manager, you know—I said to the servant who'd let me in, "that I want the key to the safe."

"But you had it in your pocket," say you; which shows that you are not acquainted with the rules and regulations of the North and South of England Bank, which say that the accountant or chief cashier shall be responsible for the due custody of the cash while it is in his possession in the daytime, and that at night all moneys and securities shall be carefully secured within the office safe, which shall be secured by two keys, one of which shall be in the custody of the manager, and the second in that of the accountant and cashier.

"But," you say again, "as long as you had one key, what did you want with two?" There, I own the regulations are obscure. They were drawn up by somebody without any literary skill. If they'd consulted me about 'em, I could have suggested a good many improvements. What they meant to say was, that the safe was to be secured by two locks, and that a key to each, not interchangeable, the one with the other, was to be in the custody, &c. Now, you understand why I wanted Mr. Cousins's key.

"Eh, my?" said the servant, opening her mouth wide, "and what might you want Mr. Cousins's key for?" Just as stupid as you, you see, I was mad with the girl. I own I always get out of temper with these Yorkshire people. If you ask 'em the simplest question, first they open their mouths and gape at you. When you've repeated the question twice, they shut their mouths and think for a bit. Then the idea seems to reach the thing that does duty with them for brains, and excites a sort of reflex action, for, by jingo! instead of answering your question, they go and ask you one. And that makes me so mad. Oh, they're a very dense race, these Yorkshire people.

"Why, to open the safe, you stupid?" said I. "Where is he?"

"Don't ye know?" says she.

"Know?" I cried, in a rage. "Why should I ask you for if I did know?"

"Didn't thou know that he were at thy house?"

Ah! so he was. I'd nearly forgotten that he was one of the guests at my wife's party. Clearly, I couldn't get the safe open, and I didn't like to leave the money in my desk, thinking I'd give it to Cousins with my key, to put it in the safe when he returned.

A nice mess I got into when I reached home, for you see it had been arranged that I was to go up-stairs and dress before anybody came, and that then our room was to be made ready for the ladies to take their bonnets off—for they were not all carriage people. Well, you never saw such a thing. When I got home and crept up-stairs to dress—the people had all come, so the servant said—there were six muffs and four bonnets, and five pork-pie hats, and half a dozen shawls on the bed; and one lady had left her everyday curls hanging over the looking-glass! Upon my word, I really don't like to perform my toilet among all these feminine gear; and there was no lock on the door; and my dress-clothes were all smothered up amongst these muffs and things. But I got through pretty well, and had just got one of my legs into my trousers, when bang-atop-dop-dop! such a rattle at the knocker, and I heard my wife scuttling away into the hall. They were the Markbys, our trump cards, who kept their own carriage, and everything grand.

"So kind of you, my dear!" said my wife, kissing Mrs. Markby most affectionately. I could hear the reports where I stood.

"So delighted! Really, how nicely, how beautifully you arrange everything! I can't have things so nice, with all my servants and!"

"Run up-stairs, dear, do!" said my wife; "you know the room—my room, right hand at the top of the stairs."

I heard a flutter of female wings on the stairs. What was I to do? If I could have managed the other leg I wouldn't have minded, but I couldn't. I hadn't worn those dress things for a good while, and I don't get any thinner as I grow older. No, for the life of me, I couldn't dispose of that other leg at such short notice. What could I do? I could only rush to the door and set my back against it. Did I tell you this was our house-warming-party? I think not. Did I tell you our landlord had altered the house for us, making our bed-room larger by adding a slip that had formed a separate room? I think not; and yet I ought to have told you all these circumstances to enable you to understand the catastrophe that followed. I a word, the door opened outwards. I'd forgotten that peculiarity—never having had a room so constituted before, and never will again. The door went open with a crash, and I bounded backwards into Mrs. Markby's arms. Smelling-salts and sal-volatile, was there ever such an untoward affair! The music struck up for the dances as I hopped back into my room. I hid my head among the bolsters and muffs, and almost cried, for I'm such a delicate-minded man. Yes, it hurt me a good deal more than it did Mrs. Markby, for—would you believe it?—she told the story down below to the whole company, with pantomimic action; and when I showed myself at the door of the drawing-room I was received with shouts of inextinguishable laughter. I think I called the Yorkshire people dense just now, didn't I? Well, I'll add another epithet—coarse—dense and coarse. I told 'em so, but they only laughed the more. The guests were gone, the lights were out; slumber had just visited my eyes, when right into my brain, starting me as I had been shot, came a noise, a sort of dull, bursting noise. I wasn't really certain at first whether I had heard a noise or only dreamed of it. I sat up in bed and listened intently. Was it only my pulse thumping into my ears, or were those regular beats the tramp of somebody's muffled feet? Then I heard an unmistakable sound—creak, creak, creak—a door being opened slowly and cautiously. All in a moment the idea flashed into my head—twenty-two thousand dollars! You see, all this dancing and junketing, and laughing and chaffing, had completely driven out of my mind all thought of the large sum I had in my possession. I had left it in my great-coat pocket, which was hanging up in the hall down stairs. Puff! a gust of wind came through the house, rattling the doors and windows; and then I heard a door slam and a footstep outside, of some one stealing cautiously away. Away down stairs I went like a madman, my one thought to put my hand on that great coat. It was a brown great-coat with long tails, and two pockets behind, and a little cash pocket on the left-hand side in front, and this breast-pocket, in which I had put the bag of money. This pocket wasn't, as is usual, on the left-hand side, but on the right. There was no other coat hanging on these rails, only my wife's water-proof. What a swoop I made to get hold of that coat! Great heavens! It was gone! I had carefully barred and chained the front door before I went to bed—now it was unfastened. I ran out into the street, and looked up and down, hopelessly and bewildered. It was a damp and dark night; the lamp at the corner threw a long, sickly ray down the streaming pavement, but there wasn't a soul to be seen. Everything was still and cold and dark. The money was clean gone—yes, it was gone. I repeated these words mechanically to myself as I crawled up-stairs. All the results of this loss pictured themselves clearly before me—dismissal from the bank, ruin of all my prospects, utter ruin, in fact. What could I do? to what turn? The blow that had fallen upon me was so heavy and sudden that it had benumbed my faculties. My chief desire was to crawl into bed, and fall asleep,

hoping never to wake. But morning would come, sure enough—morning and its attendant miseries. Then the thought came to me: Should I go to bed, and say nothing at all about it? No one knew of my having received that money, not a soul but Black, the man who had deposited it. I had given no receipt for it, no acknowledgment. Black had gone to America—a hundred things might happen—he might never return; at all events, here was respite, immediate relief. I could go to the bank next morning, hang up my hat as usual—everything would go on as before. If Black returned, my word was as good as his. The notes and checks could never be traced home. But I don't think I retained this thought long. Do you ever consider how much resolution and force of will it takes to intimate a course of crime and deception? I'd neither the one nor the other; I should have broken down at once. I couldn't have met that fellow's eye and told him I had never had this money. I woke my wife—she'd slept through all the trouble. "Mary," I said, "we're ruined—there's been a robbery."

"A robbery?" she cried, clasping her hands; "and are the men gone?"

"Yes," I said.

"Oh, thank Heaven!" she said, "then we're safe. Never mind the rest, Jack, as long as our lives are safe. But there's my waterproof, Jack—oh! do run and see if they've taken that!"

Then I told her the story of the twenty-two thousand pounds. She wouldn't believe me at first, but when she heard the whole story she was frightened enough. Yet, she had wits about her more than I had.

"You must run off to the town hall, Jack," she said, "and set the police to work. They must telegraph to all the stations, to London and everywhere. Oh, do go at once, Jack, this very moment. Every second lost may be ruin to us."

Away I went to the town hall. This was a big, classic place, with an immense portico and a huge flight of steps; but you didn't go into the portico to get to the police office, but of the rudimentary style of architecture, and you went along a number of echoing stone passages before you reached the superintendent's office.

When I told the superintendent the story—"Ah," he said, "I think I know who did that job."

"Oh," said I, "how thankful I am! Then you can put your hands upon him and get back the money." I want the money back Mr. Superintendent, never mind him! "I wouldn't mind, indeed, rewarding him for his trouble, if I could only get the money back."

"Sir!" said the Superintendent severely, "the police ain't sent into the world to get people's money back, nothing of the sort; we aren't going to encourage composition of felony; and as for putting our hands on Flashy Joe—for he did the job, mark you—well, what do you think the liberty of the subject is for? Where's your evidence?"

I was obliged to confess I hadn't any; whereat the Superintendent looked at me contemptuously.

"Now, let's see into this matter," said he, after he had made some notes on a bit of paper. "How came they to know you'd got the money in your coat?"

I said I didn't know.

"Ah, but I know," said the Superintendent. "You went to get a glass of ale after you left the bank, young man?"

I was obliged to confess I had done so.

"That's how property gets stolen," said he, looking at me severely. "And what's more, you had a glass with a friend? Ah! I knew you had. And perhaps you got talking to this friend of yours?"

"Yes, indeed, I had."

"Very well; and mentioned about the money you'd just took?"

"Very likely."

"Then this Joe, depend upon it, was in the crib at the time and heard you, and he followed you back to the bank; and you haven't got blinds, but a wire-netting over the window, and anybody outside can see you counting out the gold and silver."

"That's true," I said.

"Yes; I see it all," said the Superintendent, "just as Joe saw it. He follows you up from here to yonder, and he sees you put your money into your coat-pocket; and then he follows you home, and when all's quiet he cracks the crib. Oh, it's all in a nutshell; and that's how property goes. And then you come to the police."

"But if you know it's Joe, why don't you send after him and catch him?"

"Oh, we know our business, sir; you leave it all to us; we shall have Joe, tight enough, if not for this job, anyhow for the next. We'll give him a bit of rope, like."

I couldn't put any fire into the man, do what I could; he was civil, that is for a Yorkshireman; impassive; he'd do what was right. I'd given him the information; very well, all the rest was his business.

So I came home, miserably despairing. It was just daylight by this time, and as I opened the shutters the debris of our feast was revealed; the lees of the lobster-salad, the picked bones of the chickens, the melted residuum of the jellies, whilst about everything hung the smell of sour wine. I sat down amid all this wretched mess, and leaned my head on my arms in dull, miserable lethargy. Then I sprang up, and as I did so I caught sight of myself in the looking-glass. Good heavens! was this wretched hang-dog fellow myself? Did a few hours' misery change a man like this? Why, I was a very felon in appearance, and so I should be thought to be, who

would believe this story of a robbery? Why, the police didn't believe in it, else they'd have taken a different tone. No, I should be looked upon as a thief by all the world.

"Then my wife came down stairs, and, with a few touches, restored a little order and sanity, both to outward matters and my mind. She brought me some coffee and an egg and some bread and butter, and after I had eaten and drank I didn't feel quite so bad.

"Jack," said she, "you must go to London at once and see the directors. Have the first word, and tell them all about it—all the particulars. It is only a little bit of carelessness, after all, and perhaps they'll look over it."

"Yes; that's all very well," I said, "but how am I to get there? I've got no money. This wretched party has cleaned us right out."

"Borrow some of Cousins."

"He asked me to lend him a sovereign last night, and I couldn't."

"Now, you'll say, 'Here's a man without resource. Why didn't he pawn his watch?' To tell you the truth, that's what I had done the week before, and the money was all gone. 'Then, under these circumstances,' you'll add, 'it was immoral to give a party.' But, you'll bear in mind, the invitations had been out for a fortnight, and then we were in funds."

"Well, Jack," said my wife, "you must get the man—the P. B.—to give you some more money on the watch. Sell it to him right out. It must be worth at least ten pounds, for it cost thirty, and you've only had five upon it. Sell the ticket."

"Yes; but where was the ticket? Why, in the little cash-pocket of my brown great-coat. Still, I had heard that, if you'd lost a ticket, you could make the man give you another; and Brooks, the pawnbroker, was a respectable fellow, who, perhaps, would help me out of my difficulty. I went to him anyhow, on my way to the station. I felt like a ticket-of-leave man as I went into his shop, but I put a good face upon it."

"Brooks," said I, "that watch, you know the ticket—it's stolen." Brooks gave a most portentous wink. He was a slow-speeched man, with a red face, and a tremendous corporation.

"Nay," he says, "my lad; thou'rt wrong there."

"What do you mean?" I said, coloring up furiously. Every one suspected me, it seemed.

"What, it might have been stolen once, but it aren't now; 'ave got it here. There is how it were. A cadging sort o' chap comes in, and he says: 'Master, what'll you give me for this ere ticket?' Now, you know the fact don't allow us to give nought in that kind of way, but I say to the chap, 'Let's have a look at it,' and then I saw it was yours, and I said to the man, 'My lad, you aren't come honestly by this.'"

"And you gave him into custody; he's in prison? Old Brooks, what a capital fellow you are!"

"Nay," he said; "I knowed better nor that. Do you think I'd hexpose a customer? I know you gents don't care about these little matters getting abroad, and so I slaps my first on the counter, and I says, 'Hook it!' just like that. And away he went like a lamp-lighter."

I sank down on the counter, overpowered with emotion.

"And what's more," went on Brooks, "he never took up the money I'd lent him for the coat."

"What coat?" I cried.

"A very nice brown coat he put up with me. About fit you, I should think. See, here it is."

It was my identical brown great-coat, wrapped up in a bundle, and tied round with my own handkerchief. I made a dart at it, opened it, plunged my hand into the breast-pocket; there was the bag of money—there were the twenty-two thousand pounds. How did I go to the bank that morning? on legs or wings? and how did I get home as soon as I had put the money safe away? Mary knew by my face it was all right; and didn't we have a dance of joy all round the house! My burglar had only been a sort of sneak, after all, who got in at an open window and bolted with the spoils of the hall. But if he had taken the pains to look into the pockets of the coat he'd have been a rich, though perhaps a miserable and insecure, man, and I should have been utterly and deservedly ruined.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.—According to a rural exchange, Farmer Brown was not well educated; indeed, he was guiltless of a knowledge of reading and writing, and his system of etiquette belonged to the barbaric ages. His daughter Jane was quite the reverse of her father in all these respects, and at the time we write of was entertaining at dinner a large party of the neighboring farmers and their wives, at her father's house, on the occasion of her return from the boarding-school. It may be inferred that her father's intelligence and behavior were a source of perpetual solicitude to Jane, and previous to the party she instructed her father that when speaking of anything he should add, for fear of offending any one, "the present company excepted." He was half an hour late for dinner, and, tired of waiting, Jane invited the guests to begin operations. They had not long begun ere Mr. Brown rushed abruptly into the room, in a stream of perspiration. "Why, dear papa," said Jane, "what kept you so late?" "The fact is, Jane," replied he, "I've been visitin' neebor Smith's pigs, and they're the fines' lot of hogs I ever seed, the present company alus excepted."

The Ladies' Page.

WHY AUNT SALLIE NEVER MARRIED.

"Now, Aunt Sallie, do please tell us why you never married. You remember you said once when you were a girl you were engaged to a minister, and promised you would tell us about it some time. Now, aunt, please tell us."

"Well, you see, when I was about seventeen years old I was living in Utica, in the State of New York. Though I say it myself, I was quite a good-looking girl then, and had several beaux. The one that took my fancy was a young minister, a promising young man, and remarkably pious and steady. He thought a great deal of me, and I kind of took a fancy to him, and things went on until we were engaged. One evening he came to me, and put his arms around me, and kind of hugged me, when I got excited and some frustrated. It was a long time ago, and I don't know but what I might have hugged back a little. I was like any other girl, and pretty soon I pretended to be mad about it, and pushed him away, though I wasn't mad a bit. You must know the house where I lived was on one of the back streets of the town. There were glass doors in the parlor, which opened over the street. These doors were drawn to. I stepped back a little from him, and when he came up close I pushed him back again. I pushed him harder than I intended to; and don't you think, girls, the poor fellow lost his balance and fell through one of the doors into the street."

"Oh, aunt! Was he killed?"
"No; he fell head first, and as he was going I caught him by the legs of his trousers. I held on for a minute and tried to pull him back, but his suspenders gave way, and the poor young man fell clear out of his pantaloons into a parcel of ladies and gentlemen along the street."

"Oh, aunt! aunt! Lordy!"
"There, that's right; squall and giggle as much as you want to. Girls that can't hear a little thing like that without tearing around the room and he-he-ing in such a way, don't know enough to come in when it rains. A nice time the man that marries one of you will have, won't he? Catch me telling you anything again."

"But, Aunt Sallie, what became of him? Did you ever see him again?"
"No; the moment he touched the ground he got up and left that place in a terrible hurry. I tell you it was a sight to be remembered. How that man did run! He went out West, and I believe he is preaching out in Illinois. But he never married; he was very modest, and I suppose he was so badly frightened that time, that he never dared trust himself near a woman again. That, girls, is the reason why I never married. I felt very bad about it for a long time—for he was a real good man, and I often thought to myself that we should have been very happy if his suspenders hadn't given way."

THE GIRL FOR A WIFE.

The tastes of men differ so much with regard to personal beauty, that in considering what manner of girl will make the best wife, we shall give no remarks upon her figure or appearance, but come at once to those most enduring qualities of heart and mind which are ever green when the head is frosted with time, and the body bent under the weight of years.

The duties and obligations of a woman's life are peculiar, and belong only to her condition; and, notwithstanding the high authority in favor of it, we doubt the propriety of giving her mind the same kind of training which is given to the other sex to fulfill widely different duties. It appears to us as absurd as giving a youth a medical education who is designed to practise law.

Admitting that the female mind has a masculine strength and power—is as capable of lofty and profound thought—is endowed with the same aspiration and ambition—the nursery is no place in which to fix the fulcrum by which she hopes to move the intellectual world; but in the nursery, after all, repose her highest duties and holiest obligations. If practical experience and close observation did not teach us otherwise, the possession of varied accomplishments and profound knowledge might indicate the more faithful discharge of the duties of her life; but we can safely point to the history of learned and scientific women in vindication of our position. Female philosophers have no time to be good wives and mothers, and a man, when he marries, wants a woman, not an encyclopedia, by his side.

But we have been considering what the girl for a wife should not be, rather than what she ought to be. The girl best fitted to make the fireside happy is she whose mind is well stored with practical and useful knowledge, is accomplished without affectation, retiring and modest without prudery, frank, free and gay, without frivolity, and thinks her husband the greatest man the world ever saw or is ever likely to see. Faith in the latter involves a thousand endearing qualities in a wife, which we have not time to enumerate.

In a country like this, where there is no established aristocracy, where fortunes change hands so frequently, there are but few families the female head of which is not required to attend to the economy of the household. To be a good housekeeper is, therefore, to be reckoned a

principal accomplishment in the girl for a wife. If fortune happily secures her from the necessity of partaking of the labors of a housewife, the knowledge of direction will be invaluable.

HOW TO DRESS CHILDREN.

We need not run to extremes of fashion with our juveniles. Overdressing children is offensive to good taste, and productive of false fruits of vanity and self-love that damage the nature of the fair young wearer; but some of the present styles for children are tasteful and appropriate. We were shown by the proud mother a very piquant, brown-eyed little maiden, yesterday, dressed in a charming and suitable costume for her age. The material was rose colored cashmere, trimmed with bands of black velvet. The round skirt was perfectly plain, and lined throughout with cambric muslin. The polonaise was close fitting, square in front with postillion sides and back; the back breadth of the polonaise were plaited on to a small waist band under the postillion, and the edges were trimmed with narrow bands of velvet, coat sleeve had two deep cuffs edged with velvet. The hat, set jauntily upon those bright, abundant, yellow curls, was of gray velvet, rolled at the sides, and decorated with a long white feather drooping over the crown, and a bow with streamers of rose colored ribbon. The finest white hose and diminutive black, enameled boots, completed the suit. We were told it took six and a half yards of cashmere and two pieces of ribbon velvet to make this dress for Miss Minnie. Sailor costumes for both boys and girls are still popular. We will describe both. A young girl twelve years of age wore a skirt of dark blue wool delaine, trimmed above the hem, which is three inches deep, with three rows of braid, and up the front side seams with plaited fans of same. Over this is worn a postillion basque of dark blue triple diagonal cashmere, cut with long, square tabs, in front; open from the waist line and closed over the chest with passementerie cords and oxidized buttons. The back is a plaited postillion, and the neck, closed at the throat, is ornamented with a deep sailor collar and a frill of narrow white lace. The outer edges of the garment are finished with two bias folds, and heavy fringe one and a half inches deep. The coat-sleeve is trimmed at the wrist with a flounce of the same material, finished with bias bands and a frill of white lace. Four yards and a half of wool delaine and two and a half yards of diagonal cashmere are required. The boy's suit was made of blue flannel; the blouse and knee trousers bound with black braid. The blouse is confined to the waist with a black leather belt, fastened with a buckle. Sailor collar of white linen. This suit can be nicely made with three and a half yards of flannel. The hat worn with this suit was of gray felt with a turned-up brim, trimmed with a band of blue ribbon and two small loops, with streamers fastened down with an oxidized anchor. Thus much for the young folks who are carefully dressed each season by fond parents in expensive fabrics; and who each season, with equal rapidity and gleeful damage, destroy them.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.

No doubt it is the lot of some people to be regarded as lawful objects of plunder by the majority of those friends with whom they are brought in immediate contact. The typical "maiden aunt" is one of these unfortunate persons. Generally possessed of a little property, she is surrounded by a hungry clique, who not only try to get all they can out of her while she lives, but resort to numerous stratagems to induce her to leave them her money when she departs on the mysterious journey through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. However disagreeable may be her temper, however stagnant her intellect, and however mean her disposition, she is flattered and cajoled to such an extent that she may well be excused for believing that she is one of the most talented and estimable beings in the universe. There is reason to think that like most people, she is only too ready to accept the show for the substance. Occasionally, however, she demonstrates that she detests the contemptible sycophancy of those who prostrate themselves before her; and she evidences that the knowledge—like many other possessions—does not make her at all the happier. It generates an acerbity of demeanor on her part towards those whose hypocrisy she fancies she detects, that whatever affection she may be regarded with is changed into a feeling akin to positive dislike. Sometimes she shows how she detests those who hunt her down by passing them over, and, to their immense chagrin, leaving all her money to a charity, of which the only thing she knows is its correct title. Thus, it may safely be said that the relations between the typical "maiden aunt" and her connections are not of the most satisfactory nature. Those who pay their court to her in the manner indicated feel angry with themselves all the time that they are so acting. The natural outcome of their repugnance of the proceeding is that, while extravagantly praising her before her face, they just as extravagantly abuse behind her back. Each little foible that she may happen to possess is criticised in a most ill-natured manner; and it is plainly rendered evident that, were she not a moneyed body, she would be quickly relegated to a position which she is perhaps much more fitted to adorn than she is that which she occupies.

POWERS OF PLEASING.

Women's chief business is to please, says Dr. Holmes. A woman who does not please is a false note in the harmonies of nature. She may not have youth, or beauty, or even manner, but she must have something in her voice or expression, or both, which it makes you feel better disposed toward your race to look at or listen to. Womanly women are very kindly critics of men. The less there is of sex about a woman, the more she is to be dreaded. But take a real woman at her best moment—well dressed enough to be pleased with herself, not so resplendent as to be a show and a sensation, with the varied outside influence that set vibrating the harmonic notes of her nature stirring in the air about her—and what has social life to compare with one of those vital interchanges of thought and feeling with her that make an hour memorable? What can equal her tact, her delicacy, her subtlety of apprehension, her quickness to feel the changes of temperature as the warm and cool currents of thought blow by turns? In the hospitable soul of woman man forgets he is a stranger, and so becomes natural and truthful, at the same time that he is mesmerized by all those divine differences which make her a mystery and a bewilderment.

TO MAKE GLOSSY SHIRTS.—Put a little common white wax in your starch, say two ounces to the pound; then if you use any thin patent starch, be sure you use it warm, otherwise it will get cold and gritty, and spot your linen, giving it the appearance of being stained with grease. It is different with collar starch, it can be used quite cold; however, of that anon. Now, then, about polishing shirts; starch the fronts and wristbands as stiff as you can. Always starch twice, that is, starch and dry; then starch again. Iron your shirt in the usual way, making the linen nice and firm, but without any attempt at good finish; don't lift the plaits; your shirt is now ready for polishing; but you ought to have a board the same size as a common shirt-board, made of hard wood and covered with only one ply of plain cotton cloth. Put this board into the breast of your shirt, damp the front a very little, with a wet sponge; then take a polishing-iron, which is flat and bevelled a little at one end, polish gently with bevelled part, taking care not to drive the linen up into wave-like blisters; of course this requires a little practice; but if you are careful and persevere, in a short time you will be able to give that enamel-like finish which seems to be so much wanted.

LACK OF KNOWLEDGE OF HOUSEKEEPING.—One of the most prolific sources of matrimonial difficulties is the lack of knowledge on the part of wives of the duties of housekeeping. In these days there are a hundred young ladies who can thrum a piano, to one who can make a good loaf of bread. Yet a hungry husband has so much of the animal in his nature that he cares more for a good dinner than he does—so long as his appetite is unappeased—to listen to the music of the spheres. Heavy bread has made many heavy hearts, given rise to dyspepsia—horrid dyspepsia—and its herd of accompanying torments. Girls who desire that their husbands should be amiable and kind should learn how to make light bread. When a young man is courting, he can well live at home; or, if he has to go a distance to pay his addresses, he usually obtains good meals at a hotel or eating house; but when he is married and gets to housekeeping, his wife assumes the functions of his mother or his landlord, and it is fortunate for her if she has been educated so as to know what a good table is. Those who are entirely dependent upon hired cooks make a sorry show at house-keeping. The stomach performs a very important part in the economy of humanity, and wives who are forgetful of this fact commit a serious mistake. Even the lion may be tamed by keeping him well fed.

VICTIMS OF FASHION.—We have too much faith in the common sense of the fair sex to believe that the majority of them lay health as a willing sacrifice at the shrine of fashion; but a story is told of a lovely girl of eighteen, whose figure was inclined to plumpness, that she one day fainted in the street. "In trying to restore her," said a friend, "I loosened her dress, and what do you think I found? Corsets so tightly drawn that a full respiration was impossible. I removed them and found that the girl's ribs actually lapped!" On being remonstrated with the foolish child admitted that she tried to render her waist small enough to meet the requirements of fashion. Oh, what utter folly this all is! As if there were anything really beautiful in a figure pinched to represent the letter V! We are glad to know that the woman of the day is cultivating higher artistic taste, and isn't ashamed to have a waist proportionate to her shoulders. It is not considered graceful or fashionable now to wear tight dresses. A few women cling to the false idea of the female model figure, and still prefer to go about ready to "break in two," with blue noses, black rims around their eyes, crows feet growing deeper and thicker every day, and extremely red hands, unless they drink vinegar and eat chalk, starch and slate pencils to dry up their vulgar red blood. But the really stylish, graceful, glowingly beautiful woman wears loose corsets and exceedingly comfortable dresses with plenty of breathing room. So far, so good. We hope to welcome the day when the stiff corset will be wholly abandoned, and woman shall appear in all her alluring, untrammelled grace of form,

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

MARY ANN'S CAKES.—One heaping cup sugar, a heaping tablespoonful of butter, half cup of sweet milk, two cups flour, three eggs, half teaspoonful soda, one teaspoon cream tartar.

SUNDULAND PUDDING.—Beat 6 eggs to a froth. Mix 1 cup of flour with 1 quart of milk, 1 teaspoon of salt, and stir the eggs into it. Bake in cups about twenty minutes. Serve with sauce.

COLD SAUCE.—4 tablespoons of sugar, two of butter. When these have been rubbed until very white and smooth, add the beaten white of an egg. Flavor it and mould it into some pretty shape.

BROWN BREAD.—One quart Indian meal, one quart rye or graham meal, one quart water, one cup yeast, three-fourths cup molasses, salt; let rise all night; add in the morning half teaspoonful saleratus; steam four hours.

PLUM PUDDING.—1 pound of grated crumbs, pound of suet, 1 tablespoon of flour, 1 pound of raisins, 1 pound of currants, 3 ounces of sugar. Wet this with milk. A teaspoonful of cloves, and of cinnamon. Boil three hours. Serve with sauce.

CORN-MEAL CUP CAKE.—One quart Indian meal, one quart sweet milk, one small cup white sugar, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar rubbed in the dry meal, one tablespoonful soda, one teaspoonful salt, one pint of flour; bake in buttered cups.

BREAD GRIDDLE CAKES WITH WATER.—Soak pieces of stale bread in water until quite soft; drain them through a sieve; rub the bread through a colander; to one quart of this add three eggs and milk to make a thick batter; bake on a griddle.

TO EXTRACT INK FROM COTTON, SILK AND WOOLEN GOODS.—Saturate the spots with spirits of turpentine, and let it remain several hours, then rub it between the hands. It will crumple away, without injuring either the color or the texture of the article.

PUDDING SAUCE.—4 tablespoons of sugar, 2 tablespoons of butter, 1 tablespoon of flour beaten to a cream. Add the white of an egg beaten to a froth, and pour into the whole a gill of boiling water, stirring it very fast. Flavor with lemon, rose-water, nutmeg or wine.

BATTER PUDDING.—3 eggs, 7 tablespoons of flour, 1 quart of milk, boiled, reserving enough to wet the flour. Beat 2 eggs, cold milk, and flour together, and pour them into the boiling milk. Add a little salt. If berries are used, add more flour. Bake and serve with sauce.

PUDDING "OUR FAVORITE."—Over a kettle of boiling water set a pan with two quarts of milk; as soon as scalded add four eggs well beaten, and sift in a teacup of flour, and sprinkle with a little salt, stir about five minutes; to be eaten with sweetened cream and nutmeg, or sugar and butter.

FRENCH BREAD.—Two quarts of flour, scald one pint of it, butter half the size of an egg, mix with cold water, two-thirds cup of yeast; when mixed, knead fifteen minutes, using as little additional flour as possible; rise twelve hours; cut and work with a knife ten minutes before putting it into the pan to bake.

POTATO PONE.—This is a favorite dish in the West India Islands. Wash, peel, and grate two pounds of potatoes, and four ounces each of sugar and butter (or beef dripping) melted, one teaspoonful each of salt and pepper; mix well together, place in a baking-dish, and put it into a brisk oven until it is done, and becomes nicely brown.

ANOTHER PLUM PUDDING.—17 small crackers pounded; 2 pounds of sultana raisins; 10 eggs; 2 quarts of milk; 2 tablespoons of molasses; a little salt; 1 cup or more of sugar. Season with cloves, nutmeg and cinnamon, and, if desired, a glass of wine. Bake moderately four hours. This is very nice cold, and can be cut in slices, and used when needed.

FISH CAKE.—Take the boned part of any kind of fish, mince it fine, add a shred onion, pepper and salt, a little ketchup, or fish sauce, or mix it with either mashed potato, bread-crumbs soaked in milk, chopped hard-boiled eggs, or pulped tomatoes, in equal parts, with the fish; put all in a buttered dish, pour some beaten eggs upon the top, and bake until nicely browned.

APPLEDORE PUDDING.—Line a pudding dish with stale cake. Fill it within three inches of the top with berries or currants. Allow 1 cup of sugar to swell berries, and 1 cup to currants or anything tart. Cover the whole with cake, and wet it with 1 cup of wine. Bake half an hour and frost it with the whites of 2 eggs and 1 cup of sugar beaten to a stiff froth. Return it to the oven, and let it brown slightly.

TO BOIL FRESH FISH.—After being well cleaned, rub the fish with salt, and pin it in a towel; put it in a pot of boiling water, and keep it boiling fast—a large fish will take from one-half to three-quarters of an hour; a small one from fifteen to twenty minutes. A fat shad is very nice boiled, although rock and bass are preferred generally; when done take it up on a fish dish, and cover it with egg sauce or drawn butter and parsley. Pickled mushrooms and walnuts, and mushroom catsup are good with boiled fish.

THE OLD OAKEN CRADLE.

Sweet scenes of my boyhood! I love to recall them,
Electric they shimmer on memory's warm sky—
The maple-fringed river, the hill grand and solemn,
And all the dear haunts in the forest near by;
I deem these fresh views on the Past's panorama
As sweetest of all the enchantments of earth—
The ancient red house, in which Life's devious drama
Commenced in the cradle which stood by the hearth;
The old oaken cradle, the rocker-worn cradle,
The high-posted cradle which stood by the hearth.

Near two generations from earth have departed
Since home in high state this quaint cradle was brought,
Attesting the advent of one who, light-hearted,
Gave joy pure and holy, of sad sorrow naught!
Dear relic of dream-days! what rest have you granted
To mother and infant, when hushed was his mirth;
How grateful was sleep when the babe for it panted:
A boon is the cradle which stands by the hearth!
The old oaken cradle, the rocker-worn cradle,
The high-posted cradle which stands by the hearth.

Not all mem'ry's promptings of by-gones that gather
Are free from sadness made sacred by space—
Since angels led two from our home—and for ever
Seraphic behold they Immanuel's face;
And we who remain, from those scenes all are distant,
But never forget we the place of our birth;
The light of our mem'ry, in realms reminiscent,
Reveals the staid cradle, the rocker-worn cradle,
The old oaken cradle, the rocker-worn cradle,
The high-posted cradle which stood by the hearth.

AN INCIDENT OF THE CHICAGO FIRE.

The wind had again risen to a hurricane. All around was a storm of fire-brands, as though the flakes in a snow-storm had been turned to flame. Great sheets of blazing felt-roofing were driving overhead. Everywhere timbers and masonry were falling; walls a half-square in length came down with the thunder's crash, and in such quick succession that the noise ceased to be noticed. Thousands of frantic people were pushing wildly in every direction. The crowds seemed bewildered, lost, frenzied. And what wonder? The world seemed to be burning up, the heavens to be melting: a star looked like a speck of blood, so that the whole canopy of heaven when visible seemed blood-bespattered. As the doctor was gazing at the terrible spectacle the cry ran from mouth to mouth that all the bridges across the west branch of the river were burned. There were thousands of spectators from the West Division who had come over to witness the melting away of the South Side business palaces. If the bridges were burned, there remained but one avenue by which they could reach their homes. There were cries of "The tunnel! the tunnel!" a panic and a grand rush, in which everybody was borne westward toward Washington Street tunnel. Dr. Lively found himself forced into the tunnel. It was crowded with two streams of wildly-excited people moving in opposite directions. One was rushing to the rescue of property on the South Side or to see the fire, the other to get away from it. Most of these latter were carrying articles of furniture and bales of goods, or they were wheeling loaded barrows. Everybody was crowding and pushing. Our doctor had made his way through about one-third of the tunnel, when suddenly every light went out. The great gasometer of the South Side gas works had exploded. He was under the river, in the bowels of the earth, in the midst of that wild crowd of humanity, and in utter darkness. "There will be a panic," he thought: "all the weak will be overrun and trampled to death. God help them and help us all!" Then there came to him a flash of inspiration: "Keep to the right!" he shouted, "to the right!" "Keep to the right!" repeated an abetting voice. "To the right!" "Keep to the right!" "Right! right!" The blessed words ran along from one end of the dark way to the other. Then a hush seemed to fall on the lips as though the hearts were at prayer, and the two streams moved along like processions through the dark valley of the shadow of death.

Facing about, Dr. Lively squeezed his way through a dense throng on North Water street bridge till he gained the North Division. Here he sat down on the steps of a warehouse to take breath, and look back on the scene he had left. The fire had reached the river, which reflected the lurid horror above, and seemed a stream of

molten metal, or a current of glowing lava poured from some wide rent in the earth. Struggling human creatures in the blazing, hissing, sputtering waters realized Dante's imaginings of tortured, writhing souls on the red floors of hell.

Tired and faint, Dr. Lively pressed on to the north. He was not long in learning that the fire was already raging in the doomed North Division, and that the waterworks were disabled. Reaching the house of his friend, where his family had taken refuge, he found them all informed of the peril to the North Side, and getting ready to move. His friend decided to take refuge on the prairies. "There we can keep up the race," he said.

"I'm going where I can get water," said Dr. Lively; "it's the only thing under heaven that this fire-fiend won't eat. There isn't a suburb but may be burned. I'm going toward the lake." So he took possession of his wife and boy and started for Lincoln Park. There were lights in all the houses, and eager, swift-moving figures were seen through the doors and windows: everywhere people were getting their things into the streets. Shortly after, the flames, it was noticed, were beginning to pale. A weird kind of light began to creep over burning house, blazing street and ruined wall. The day was dawning. With a kind of bewildered feeling our friends watched the coming on of the strange, ghostly morning, and saw the pale sickly, shamefaced sun come up out of the lake. It was ten o'clock before they reached the old cemetery south of Lincoln Park. Hundreds had already arrived here with their belongings, representing every article that pertains to modern civilization. Parties were momentarily coming in with more loads. Here our friends halted. Mrs. Lively dropped down in a fugitive rocking-chair, thinking what a comfort it would be to go off into a faint. But without a pillow or salts or camphor it was a luxury in which she did not dare to indulge, though she had a physician at hand. Right in front of her she noticed a besmudged, red-eyed woman who had something familiar in her appearance. "Why, it's myself!" she said to her husband, pointing to a large plate mirror leaning against an old headstone.

"Yes," said the doctor, smiling, "we all look like swamps."

Napoleon seated himself on a grave and opened his lunch-basket.

"Did you ever?" cried the mother. "This boy's brought his basket through. There's nothing in all the world except something to eat that he would have devoted himself to in this way."

"Nothing could have proved more opportune," said the father.

Then they ate their breakfast, sharing it with a little girl who was crying for her father, and with a lady who was carrying a handsome dress-bonnet by the ribbons, and who in turn shared her portion with her poodle dog. They offered a slice of cake to a sad old gentleman sitting on an inverted pail with his hands clasped above a gold-headed cane, and his chin resting on them. He shook his head without speaking, and went on gazing in a dreary, abstracted way into the air, as though oblivious of everything around him. "Though I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there," he said, in a slow, measured soliloquy. His lip began to quiver, and the tears to stream down his furrowed face. Dr. Lively heard, and wiped his eyes on the back of his hand: he had nothing else to receive the quick tears. Just then a hearse with nodding black plumes came by loaded with boxes and bundles, on which were perched a woman and five children, the three youngest crowding and laughing in unconscious glee at their strange circumstances. This was followed by two buggies hitched together, both packed with women and children, drawn by a single horse, astride of which was a lame man.

"What is it, madam?" said Dr. Lively to a woman who was wringing her hands and crying piteously.

"Why, you see," she said between her sobs, "me and Johnny made our livin' a-sellin' popcorn; and last night we had a bushel popped ready for the Monday's trade; and now it's all gone; we've lost everything—all that beautiful corn: there wasn't a single scorched grain."

"But think what others have lost—their beautiful homes and all their business—"

She suddenly ceased crying, and, turning upon him, said sharply, "We lost all we had: did they lose any more'n they had?"

A young man came pressing through the crowd, desperately clutching a picture in a handsome gilt frame. Through the smoke and smutch which stained the canvas was seen a gray-haired, saintly woman's head.

"The picture of his mother," thought the doctor with a swelling about his heart.

"I saved dese," said a jolly-faced German, extending his two hands; "and dey is all I had when I come from de Faderland to Chicago, And saved you nothin'?"

The man appealed to had about him three children and a pale delicate woman.

"I saved dese," he said, with a gesture that was an embrace. "All the baby-faces we left hanging on the walls in the home where they were all born."

Then the bearded lip quivered and the lids were dropped over the brimming eyes. The mother looked up with clear unflinching features, and with a light grateful, almost joyous, in her fine eyes, and said softly, "But all the real faces we've brought along."

Then one of the little girls took up the story: "Oh, mother, Tommy's picture will be burned, and we can never get another. Tommy's dead, you know," she explained.

The mother's eye grew misty, and so did the German's and the doctor's, and many others. There they were in that old deserted cemetery, a company of strangers, not one of whom had ever seen the other's face before, exchanging their confidences and mingling their tears.

All day long the fugitives poured into this strange encampment, and by night they numbered thirty thousand. There was shouting, swearing, laughing, weeping, wailing. There was pallid stupefaction, sullen silence, and faces of black despair—every kind of face except the happy variety. The air was thick with frightful stories of arson; of men hanged to lamp-posts; of incendiaries hurled headlong into the fires they had kindled; of riots, mobs and lawlessness. There was scarcely a suburb that was not reported to be burning up, and prairie-fires were said to be raging. The fate of Sodom was believed to have overtaken Chicago and her dependent suburbs.

"There's no safety here," said Mrs. Lively nervously, as the flames approached the cemetery. "Do let's get out of this horrid place. What in the world do you want to stay here for?"

"My dear," replied the doctor with a twinkle, "I don't want to stay here. We are not certainly safe, but I don't know of any place where our chances would be better."

"Let's go down to the beach, get on a propeller and go out into the lake."

"But, my dear, 'the Sands' and the lake shore are already thronged. It is said that the people were lying in the lake, and others standing up to their necks in water—women with children in their arms. The propellers have doubtless taken off fugitives to their entire capacity."

In the meantime the fire came on. Everywhere over the dead leaves and dry grass and piles of household goods, and against the head-boards and wooden crosses, the brands were falling; and the people were running and dodging, and fighting the incipient fires.

A NOVEL IN ONE CHAPTER.

SOME six or seven years ago, by one of the current accidents of social intercourse, there came together, and got interested in each other in an Atlantic city, a young man and a young woman. The man was educated, in professional life, of good, social rank, and generally esteemed of more than average ability. Those who thought best of him believed he was sure, sooner or later, to do great things.

In the meantime, he had the misfortune to be poor. The young woman was the daughter of a rich manufacturer. She had been brought up to attach at least its proper value to money, and, in fact, to attach too much credit to its possession.

She had too much innate refinement to be purse-proud; but living always with those who, possibly for lack of anything better, pique themselves on their possessions, is not likely to have a wholesome effect on impressionable youth. Be this as it may, an affection sprang up between these two people, avowed in time on both sides, cemented by every reciprocal pledge of fidelity.

The matter became known, after a space, to the lady's family, and then begun the peculiar phase of the story that has now reached its climax. An explanation having become necessary, the lover was confronted with the statement from his perfidious adored one, that he had totally misconceived her feelings and intentions. There was much talk, but this was the gist and end of it. The invention was as palpable as its purpose.

Astonished as was the poor fellow, he was equally helpless. Either the girl's own pride, or the stress of family influence, had led her to adopt a course, which, however painful or howsoever wicked, presented the advantage of admitting absolutely of no appeal. Bewildered, humiliated, and stricken to the heart, the suitor accepted the situation like a brave, if also like a sensitive man. Adieux were exchanged in the guise of friendliness, but when the discarded admirer went away he made up his mind that he had gone away forever. The play and the reality are in precise accord here, and they continue wonderfully so to the end.

Years rolled by, and the affluent manufacturer, who had thought himself far away beyond the caprice of fortune, by a series of unlucky chances became slightly embarrassed. Tight money markets, the failure of correspondents, the encroachments of competitors, a reduced demand in his special trade, each or all, increased this embarrassment until at last, in advanced age, and living in a most expensive manner, he found himself on the brink of failure and ruin. Pending this, the "whirligigs of time" had been at work in good earnest. The man who had been so dextrously—or shamelessly—cozened out of his bride, partly by the force of his natural genius, partly by good fortune, had risen to wealth and power.

By one of those strange chances which it is the fashion to say happen only on the stage, or in sensation romance, but which do in sooth often come to pass in real life, the key, so to speak, to the manufacturer's position fell into this gentleman's hands. Notes to a large amount made by the former Cæsar, potential influence with the corporations and individuals with whom his affairs were most blended, were at the control of the lover of five years ago. By a natural process again, it fell out that the old position was resumed, but this time under happier auspices. It was natural that the younger

man should hail with joy the chance to recover his lost love. An engagement was soon made, then, on terms easy to imagine, and this time without any lying or equivocation.

The relative situations had changed, and there was room both for a happy revival of the past and politic silence concerning it. On the bridal day the groom presented himself, and then, in the presence of the bride's family and friends, came the climax. It is not to be justified, and yet none can say it was not a righteous retribution. To be brief, the bridegroom, in the drama and the reality are in the same exact accordance up to the catastrophe.

On the morning of day fixed for the wedding, and at an hour fixed for signing necessary papers, the bridegroom proceeded calmly to tell the whole truth of his relations with the young lady and her family. Having recited the nature of his provocation, he wound up by announcing that of his revenge. This consisted in his utter refusal ever to wed the woman he once had loved, and to whom he had thus been for a second time affianced. The indignation and excitement that followed need not be described. The act was cruel, unmanly; but it must be remembered that for years the iron had been cutting into the perpetrator's soul. In the play, the girl, who, throughout everything, tenderly loves the man whom she once betrayed, and so taught to betray herself, marries him after all, when she is just dying of a broken heart. In the drama of real life, the action has proceeded only as far as we have related.

THE SMOKOMETER.

We have heard of the idea of laying oxygen in pipes through dwellings for purposes of ventilation and purification of the air, of the scheme for similarly supplying carbonic acid for the extinguishment of fire, and of the ingenious proposal to supply milk to our dwellings through conduits leading from suitable reservoirs. Further still, we have perused the glowing prospectus of the electric piano inventor, who proposes to give us the means of turning off or on a flow of music as easily as a stream from a water faucet, and we remember having read of the telephone by which the choicest vocal efforts of celebrated singers might be brought into our parlours as easily as the voice of the Bridget hailing us from the nether world through the speaking trumpet. But now we have found an idea which surpasses all. According to the *Virginia City Territorial Enterprise*, a Professor Maulesel is going to erect extensive works similar to those of a gas company. In these there will be large retorts in which tobacco will be burned, and the smoke thus produced will pass through proper pipes to a large bell-shaped receptacle, similar to a gasometer, where it will be cooled and purified and so scented as to have the flavour of the finest Havana cigar. From the smokometer a main pipe will lead up into the city, and from this will be small branch pipes leading to all the principal houses and saloons in the town. In every house where the smoke is taken, there will be placed a meter, similar to a gas meter, but much more delicately constructed. Running from these meters will be pipes leading to all the rooms in the house, and connected with these pipes, at convenient points, will be long flexible tubes, each tipped with a handsome amber mouth-piece for the comfort and convenience of smokers. When a man desires to take a smoke, he has not to go to the trouble of hunting up tobacco and filling his pipe, then of finding and lighting a match, and perhaps burning his fingers, and afterward getting fire and ashes upon his clothes half a dozen times before his smoke is ended. There is none of this trouble and vexation. He has only to place the amber mouth-piece between his lips, turn a small silver thumb-screw, and the cool, delicious, perfumed smoke glides into his mouth. By this ingenious and delightful arrangement, all dangers of fires from pipes and cigars will be obviated, and millions in valuable property annually saved. An india-rubber receptacle filled with smoke is arranged in the breast, inside the shirt bosom, for smokers to draw from while walking, in the street; and ladies, with whom it is conjectured the delicately flavoured fumes will become very popular, are to have for their use elegantly carved amber mouth-pieces, hooped about with gold and set with diamonds and other gems. When out walking their reservoir of smoke will be contained in the pannier, to which it will impart a much more symmetrical shape than can be attained by the use of newspapers; besides, by giving the rubber of the smoke tank a suitable thickness and strength, it will be found to be very convenient when the wearer desires to sit, as it will serve as a cushion, a something which is often a great convenience and comfort. Maulesel is a name as yet unknown to fame; and it may be noticed, as a coincidence quite remarkable, that the generic name of the ingenious idea is contained in its last syllable. The professor, we presume, is somehow connected with Professor Cantell A. Biggle, who recently aroused popular curiosity in New York by announcing, in widely distributed handbills, an aerial flight from the steeple of Trinity church.

"WHAT'S the matter with Augustus?" asked one friend of another. "He's gone insane!"—"Bless me! how happened that?"—"Why, you see, he parts his hair in the middle, and the other day he happened to get five more hairs on one side than on the other, and the inequality overthrew the balance of his brain."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

MANUFACTURE OF PIPE-STEMS.—At Constantinople the jessamine is extensively grown for the manufacture of pipe-stems (*Chibouques*). For this purpose stems are carefully trained until they have attained the desired length and thickness, care being taken to protect the bark by a covering of varnished linen or calico. Two or three times a year the bark is sponged with citron-juice, which is said to give it the light color so much sought after. Some of these pipe-stems are over sixteen feet in length, and sell for so much as £20 each.

A JAPANESE BIOGRAPHICAL WORK.—At Japan "A Life of Washington" is to be brought out by a Yeddo publisher. This literary novelty is published in no less than forty-four volumes, in the Japanese characters, and is profusely illustrated in the highest style of art. Washington is represented in the clothes and fashion of the present day, and with a moustache, carrying a cane, and accompanied by a Skye terrier. He is gazing at a lady with a train, a Grecian bend, and a hideous waterfall. As it is the first attempt of the kind, and as it is a great curiosity in itself, the book would be a great addition to the collection of bibliomaniacs.

TIT FOR TAT.—A clergyman who enjoys the substantial benefits of a fine farm was slightly taken down, a few days ago, by his Irish ploughman, who was sitting at his plough, in a tobacco-field, resting his horse. The reverend gentleman, being a great economist, said, with much seriousness, "Patrick, wouldn't it be a good plan for you to have a stubscythe here, and be hubbing a few bushes along the fence while the horse is resting?" Pat, with quite as serious a countenance as the divine wore himself, replied, "Sir, wouldn't it be well for you to have a tub of potatoes in the pulpit, and when the congregation are singing to peel 'em awhile to be ready for the pot?"

A CAREFUL LAIRD.—It is told of a very careful laird in the Highlands, that he was waited on by a neighbor to request his name as an accommodation to a "bit bill" for £20 for three months, which led to the following characteristic colloquy:—"Na, na, I canna dae that." "Why for no, laird? Ye hae dune the same thing for others." "Ay, ay, Tammas, but there's wheels within wheels ye ken naething about: I canna dae't." "It's a sma' affair to refuse me, laird." "Weel, ye see, Tammas, if I was to put my name till't, ye wad get the siller frae the bank, and when the time cam round ye wadna be ready, and I wad had to pay it; sae then ye and me wad quarrel; sae we may just as well quarrel the noo, as lang as the siller's in ma pouch."

CONSUMPTION OF PAPER.—Every American uses annually 10½ pounds paper, while Mexico, with Central America, consumes only 2 pounds, and British America 5½ pounds per head. The consumption in European countries is 11½ pounds per head in Great Britain, 8 in Germany, 7½ in France, 3½ in Austria and in Italy, 1½ in Spain, and in Russia but 1 pound. But these figures by no means justify us in drawing any rigid conclusions as to the literary occupations or mental acquirements of the respective countries, though they give us a general idea thereof. It must be remembered that one-third of all this immense quantity of paper consists of paper hangings, pasteboards, shavings, and wrapping sheets, one-half of all the production is printing paper, and the remaining sixth is writing paper.

THE MANUFACTURE OF SHIRTS.—Burlock & Co., large shirt manufacturers, Bridgeport, Conn., employ about six hundred hands, and make one hundred dozen shirts per day, consuming three thousand yards of muslin and seven hundred of linen each day, and \$9,000 worth of thread every year. One hundred sewing machines are constantly running, from seven o'clock in the morning until eight in the evening. These machines are worked by steam and managed by young girls, the majority of whom are skilled performers; some of these experienced hands earn as high as \$75 per month. Every part of a shirt is manipulated by different hands; each piece is finished in a room designed for the kind of work. It takes sixty women to make all the parts of a shirt, and yet it only requires two minutes to make this all important garment.

HUGE UMBRELLAS.—Two palanquin umbrellas of enormous size have been recently manufactured by a firm at Glasgow, Scotland. They were ordered by a firm trading in Africa, and are supposed to be designed as presents for some of the chiefs. They are nearly thirty-three feet in circumference, sufficiently large to afford protection to about twenty-five persons. One is made of a fine damask silk, with a handsome variegated wool fringe nine inches deep. The other one is made of a rep silk, with a pure silver fringe, and lined with white silk. At the top of each is a handsome gilt ornament; the ribs are of whalebone, each thick enough for a walking-cane. The stick which is of birch wood, ornamented and polished, is five yards long, is jointed in the centre to make the umbrella more portable, and has a heavy spike at the end for fixing in the ground.

JET.—Everything earthy has an humble origin, so we meekly accept the fact that the pretty jet ornaments so popular with ladies are made from a species of coal; and the sparkling material made by the hand of the artistic workman into a "thing of beauty" once formed the branch of a stately tree, whereon the birds of the air rested, and under which the beasts of the field reposed; yet geologists assure us such is really the fact. They describe it as a variety

of coal, which occurs sometimes in elongated uniform masses, and sometimes in the form of branches, with a woody structure. It is, in its natural state, soft and brittle, of a velvet black color, and lustrous. It is found in large quantities in Saxony, and also in Prussian amber mines in detached fragments, and, being exceedingly resinous, the coarser kinds are there used for fuel, burning with a greenish flame, and a strong bituminous smell, leaving an ash also of a greenish color. Jet is likewise found in England, on the Yorkshire coast.

MARK TWAIN'S ACTIVE JOURNALISM.—Buffalo has many reminiscences of Mark Twain, and of his remarkable attempt at publishing a newspaper on an entirely new plan. After his return from the Holy Land (per Quaker City,) Mark took a wife and purchased the third interest in the Buffalo Express, owned by A. M. Clapp, Public Printer. They say that Mark's style of newspaper work was unique. He is not an early riser, and is as slow of movement as of speech, consequently he didn't get to the office very early in the morning. And when there his movements were not characterized by nervous haste. Seating himself in a capacious pivot-chair, his first move was to deposit his boots in the waste basket, and replace them with roomy slippers. Then elevating his slippered feet to a comfortable cushion on the exchange papers (their only legitimate use in his estimation), it was his wont to lay back in his chair, swinging himself lazily on his pivot, and tell stories of wit and wisdom by the hour to the associate editors. This was vastly pleasant to all concerned, but somehow it did not work in the way of making a newswy paper, and at the end of six weeks Mark came to the conclusion that publishing a newspaper was not his forte. He, however, retained his interest in the Express for about a year and a half, though, as aforesaid, he did not take part in the "active" management for more than six weeks.

NATIONAL SONGS.—The composer of the "Wacht am Rhein," who has just died, was happy enough to enjoy the full success and celebrity of his composition. No such early tribute of national recognition gladdened the ears of the composer of that far grander piece of war music, the "Marseillaise." The "Wacht am Rhein" was not an inspiration of high artistic genius, but it was an inspiration of its kind, and it hit a long-prevailing mood, and came to be the expression of the national sentiment on the very eve of battle. From the earliest days of the war in France it superseded all the older and greater hymns of German nationality. Long after events had definitely settled that there was no need of protecting the Rhine, and long after the "Watch" had left her to take care of herself and gone to pursue the French into Paris, the strains of the popular anthem still proclaimed in every city in the world the resolve of Germany to stand by her river. Carlyle calls the "Marseillaise" "the luckiest musical composition ever promulgated, the sounds of which will make the blood tingle in men's veins, and whole armies and assemblages will sing it with eyes weeping and burning, with hearts defiant of death, despot and devil." There is none of this passionate and stormy grandeur about the "Wacht am Rhein" which is only at best a song of encouragement and defence, without passion or despair, and not by any means up to the level of the unparalleled national triumph which was awaiting Germany at the time when it began to be popular. Still, there can be little doubt that it will pass into public memory in association with the events of 1870, as Arndt's song of the German fatherland is remembered in connection with those of 1813; as "Partant pour la Syrie" is enshrined with Napoleonism, and "Lillibullero" brings with it recollections of the fall of divine right in England.

THE POOR PLAYER.—A strangely pathetic scene, very significant of the sadder side of the actor's life, was witnessed a few evenings ago on the stage of the Prince of Wales' Theatre, at Birmingham, England. The play was Shakespeare's "Henry V." Mr. Charles Calvert representing the King. The house was crowded. It was apparent to the audience that Mr. Calvert was laboring under severe indisposition from the beginning of the play, but he struggled through with evident suffering until about a quarter to ten o'clock. He had uttered the words—

"O God of battles, steel my soldiers' hearts!" when he walked to the front of the stage, and said, in an almost inaudible whisper, that he felt as if his last hour had come. The pallor of his countenance, the sweat on his brow, and his evident breathlessness, gave the audience cause for the greatest alarm. Amid the breathless silence of the assembled spectators, Mr. Calvert proceeded, still speaking with broken utterance and gasping for breath, to say that he had struggled for three weeks and suffered, God only knew what, in his endeavor to keep that engagement. He had come on the stage that night knowing that it was at the risk of his life. He was no craven, and his past history would prove that he did not easily give way, but he was now entirely defeated, and could not proceed. He wished for their sympathy as Christian men (a voice: "We do sympathize with you; say no more"). His sufferings, he almost felt he was right in saying, were those of a dying man (sensation; the weeping of women behind the scenes was heard.) The moment his remarks were at an end, Mr. Stoyte, Mr. Dixon, and other members of the corps dramatique, who had been waiting at the wings, rushed to the footlights and supported the now almost swooning man off the stage. The curtain fell, and the audience slowly dispersed.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

CONSUMPTION OF COAL.—The consumption of coal for the purpose of gas illumination in Great Britain is estimated at fourteen millions of tons per annum, valued at sixty millions of dollars. The total annual production of coal in England is one hundred millions of tons.

RAILWAY TRAFFIC IN GREAT BRITAIN.—The passengers carried by the railways of Great Britain in 1872 reached the enormous total of 423,000,000. The total number carried in 1850 was only 78,854,422. The increase is mainly owing to the construction of underground and other suburban lines leading out of the large cities.

SQUEAKING BOOTS AND SHOES.—To prevent the soles of boots or shoes from squeaking, rasp, with a coarse rasp, the outsole and insole, and every other piece of leather that comes in contact in friction by the action of the foot. Then apply freely good wheat or rye paste. If this is well attended to from heel to toe, the boot or shoe will not squeak.

LABOR SAVING MACHINES.—In the course of an interesting paper on coal-cutting machines, read at Bradford by Mr. William Firth, of Leeds, mention was made of the extraordinary power of these machines in dispensing with hand labor. One man, a youth, a boy, and a machine, can compass the work of twenty men, thus reducing "that hard physical labor" by seventy-five per cent. Moreover, the machine in use at Ardsley showed great power in grappling with a difficult seam, and reduced the cost of production by 1s. 7d. per ton.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR INDIA-RUBBER.—The Scientific American states that a substitute for India-rubber has been found in a gum from the milkweed plant, or other plants of the Asclepias tribe, and from flax and other seeds. This process consists in macerating and fermenting the substances, and then by evaporation reducing the liquid so obtained to a thick gummy mass. The gum produced in this manner is alleged to possess many of the valuable qualities of India-rubber; it is insoluble in water, and may be vulcanized with sulphur. The price of pure rubber is now very high, and the discovery of an economical substitute is a matter of great importance in the arts.

IMPROVED GLOVE FASTENING.—Charles H. Hall, Trenton, N. J., and Robert Knott, Brooklyn, N. Y., have patented an invention which consists of a little bar with a series of notches in each edge and wide portions between the notches, hinged to a clip fastened to the glove at one side of the slit for the wrist, and a notched hook on a clip fastened to the glove at the other side, so arranged that it can engage the bar behind any one of the enlargements to fasten the glove tight or loose, as may be desired. The clips by which the bar and the hook are fastened to the glove consist of thin plates of silver, gold, or any ductile metal, with spurs formed on them to fasten them to the glove, by punching them out of the metal in the ordinary way of making such fastenings.

TO REMOVE THE BITTER TASTES OF MEDICINES.—Sugared substances in concentrated solution much diminish bitter tastes. Thus, while the infusion of gentian is excessively disagreeable, its syrup can be very well taken if it be not diluted with water, thus weakening the action of the sugar. But the body that seems to enjoy this property in the highest degree is liquorice. By its aid we can almost immediately dispel the bitter taste of quinine, colocynth, aloes, quassia, &c.; it is only necessary to chew a morsel of liquorice-root. Aloes may thus be powdered and sifted without inconvenience. The liquorice must be kept in the mouth for a longer time in proportion as the bitterness of the substance to be overcome is intense or its solution more concentrated.

TO DESTROY FIELD MICE.—Smoke, it is well known, will soon destroy these little pests, but how to introduce it into their holes in an easy way may interest some of our readers. Professor Nessler, of Karlsruhe, has devised a sort of pellet which gives off great quantities of smoke when burning, so that it is only necessary to put some of these into the holes and ignite them in order to suffocate the mice. Their preparation is nearly as follows: Some fibrous substance, such as jute, is soaked in a concentrated solution of saltpeter, dried, then dipped in tar, and, when half dry, flowers of sulphur are sprinkled over it. When fully dry the jute fibers are cut into little pieces like pills and are ready for use. As soon as they are ignited they are stuffed into the hole, which is then stopped up with earth.

THE VIENNA PRIZES.—Seventy thousand articles have been exhibited at the Vienna show, and 26,002 awards have been distributed. Of this aggregate number of premiums, 421 were diplomas of honor, 3024 medals for progress, 8,800 medals for merit, 8,326 medals for good taste, 978 medals for art, 1,998 medals for co-operation, and 10,465 diplomas of merit or honorable mention. These were awarded as follows: Austria (without Hungary) 5,991, Germany 5,066, France 3,142, Italy 1,908, Hungary 1,804, Spain 1,157, England and colonies 1,156, Russia 1,018, Switzerland 722, Belgium 612, Norway and Sweden 534, Turkey 470, Portugal 441, United States 411, Denmark 309, Holland 284, Roumania 238, Japan 217, Brazil 202, Greece 183, China 118, Egypt 75, Republics of Central and South America 44, Persia 29, Morocco, Tunis and Tripoli 20, Madagascar etc., 10, Monaco 9, Mexico, Siam and Turkestan, each 1.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

SOMEBODY says, "I never saw a sick man yet who didn't behave like an overgrown baby, or inspire all in the house to pray either for his speedy recovery or his early translation."

An afflicted husband was returning from the funeral of his scolding wife, when a friend asked him how he was. "Well," said he, pathetically, "I think I feel the better for that little walk."

A LADY who rouged very highly inquired of a gentleman, under the plea of indisposition, how he thought she looked. "I really cannot tell, madam," he replied, "unless you uncover your face."

A LITTLE beggar girl, in New York, recently presented a certificate to a person to whom she had applied for alms, certifying that "the bearer is a widow with five children in destitute circumstances."

"WHAT makes your cows so cross?" asked an old lady of her milkman.—"My cows cross! What do you mean, madam?"—"Why, as your milk is always sour, I thought the cows must be a cross lot."

"I CANNOT imagine," said an alderman, "why my whiskers should turn gray so much sooner than the hair on my head."—"Because," observed a wag, "you have worked much harder with your jaws than with your brains."

FIVE thousand persons in North Carolina, who had assembled to witness a hanging scene, expressed themselves to the effect that they had been shamefully "imposed upon" by the timely commutation of the condemned man's sentence.

Two young ladies and Mr. Thaddeus O'Grady were conversing on age, when one of them put the question, "Which of us do you think the elder, Mr. O'Grady?"—"Sure," replied the gallant Irishman, "you both look younger than each other."

An old lady in Tennessee, living in a sickly district, being asked how she accounted for the unusual mortality in her neighborhood during the present season, said, "Dear me! I can't tell; so many people are dying this year that never died before!"

"At what a rate that girl's tongue is going!" said a lady, looking complacently at her daughter, who was discussing some subject of apparent interest with a handsome young clergyman.—"Yes," replied a satirical neighbor, "her tongue is going at the rate."

"Do you think I am a fool?" a violent man asked of his pastor.—"Well, really," replied the clergyman, "I would not have ventured the assertion; but now that you have raised the question, I must say that I shall require some time for reflection before coming to a conclusion upon it."

Two French ladies were looking for the little daughter of one of them in a group of baby carriages.—"Do you see him?" asked the friend of the mother.—"Him? I am looking for her nurse."—"Her nurse?"—"Yes, all children look alike. I know the nurse, and I can find the child best in that way."—"As for myself, I think all *bonnes* look alike."—"How do you find yours, then?"—"Oh, I know the soldier who is her beau."

I HEARD (says a traveller) a genuine Yankee story from one of the party on a deck. I was inquiring if the Hudson was frozen up or not during the winter? This led to a conversation as to the severity of the winter, when one man, by way of proving how cold it was, said, "Why, I had a cow on my farm up the river, and last winter she got in among the ice, and was carried down three miles before we could get her out again. The consequence has been, that she has milked nothing but ice-cream ever since."

An engaged young gentleman got rather neatly out of a scrape with his intended. She taxed him with having kissed two young ladies at some party at which she was not present. He owned it, but said that their united ages only made twenty-one. The simple-minded girl thought of ten and eleven, and laughed off her pout. He did not explain that one was nineteen and the other two years of age. Wasn't it artful? Just like the men!

"Do you smoke?"

"I do, sir."

"Have you a spare cigar?"

"I have sir." (Extends a short six.)

"Now, sir, what is the first duty of a lawyer?"

"Collect fees, sir."

"Right. What is the second?"

"To increase the number of clients."

"When does the position towards clients change?"

"When making out a bill of costs."

"Explain."

"We then occupy the antagonistic position. I become the plaintiff and he becomes the defendant."

"Suit decided, how do you stand with the lawyer on the other side?"

"Cheek by jowl."

"Enough, sir. You promise to be an ornament to your profession, and I wish you success.—Now, are you aware of the duty you owe me?"

"Perfectly."

"Describe it."

"It is to invite you to drink."

"But suppose I decline?"

Candidate scratches his head.

"There is no instance of the kind on record in the books. I cannot answer the question."

"You are right. And the confidence with which you make the assertion shows conclusively that you read the law attentively.—Let's take a drink, and I will sign your certificate at once."

OUR PUZZLER.

166. TRANSLOCATIONS.

1. As I stand, I am an article of wearing apparel; change the vowels consecutively, and I become a playful female name, a dangerous consequence in a duel, the temper of a violent man, and a Laplander's dwelling-place.

2. As I stand, I'm commonly known by my bark; change the vowels, and you will have me at your fingers' ends; next I am sometimes called Jupiter; I then become a matter of weight, and, proverbially, a large quantity.

3. As I stand, I signify a kind of excommunication; change the vowels, I become a man's name, a French adjective, expressive of satisfaction, and a capital theme for a dance where there is plenty.

167. ENIGMAS.

I.

I am restless and wandering, steady and fixed, And you know not one hour what I may be next;

I'm piercing and clear, I'm heavy and dull, Expressive and languid, contracted and full. A blow makes me run, though I have not a limb—

Though I neither have fins nor a bladder, I swim.

Like many more couples, my partner and I At times will look cross at each other, and shy; Yet still though we differ in what we're about, One will do all the work when the other is out.

II.

Whole I'm an instrument, standard, and plane, I'm smooth, and flat, also even to aim; Masons and builders have used me, I ween, To adjust their works; I am right, I deem? Backwards and forwards I'm still all the same. If in me the number of letters you would like to gain, Take out my middle, and you'll see it quite plain.

III.

If one thousand and one you trace, Together with two dailies, they will make, For certain, the name of a place Where a thief you may easily take.

168. CHARADES.

I.

My first are found in every land, And second they possess; My whole a famous Frenchman gives, His name now please to guess.

II.

A fairy or a rustic youth My primal will describe A preposition, last. My whole Is of the feathered tribe.

III.

My first is a bird, And my second's a fruit; My whole on the mountains Is found, without doubt.

169. SQUARE WORDS.

1. A country in Europe; a precious stone; a machine; a plant; magicians.

2. A precious stone; a kind of fruit; trees; to put on one side; encouragements.

3. Illustrious; a rambler; to assert; a female name; to fear.

170. MAGIC SQUARE.

Arrange the numbers from 1 to 25 (both inclusive) in such a manner in a square, so that each, horizontally and perpendicularly, amount to 65.

ANSWERS.

112. LETTER "X" PUZZLE.—Madam, I'm Adam.

M A S H A M
A T E N A
D E A D
A V A
M M
I
M M
A D A
D E E D
A N G R A
M I R I A M

113. DOUBLE ARITHMOREM.—Arithmorem, Palindrome, thus: ArchbishoP, RegaliA, ImmortalL, TerminI, HegemoN, Myriad, OliveR, RoderigO, EveshaM, MoorE.

114. STAR PUZZLE.—Rossini,

R
C O T
P R U S S I A
B A S L E
P E L I C A N
A N T
I

115. CHARADE.—Arm-chair.

116. SQUARE WORDS—

1.	2.	3.
M O S T	A N T I	N O R N S
O B E Y	N E E D	O R I O N
S E E R	T E A L	R I B B E (d)
T Y R O	I D L Y	N O B L E
		S N E E R

CAISSA'S CASKET.

SATURDAY, Nov. 15th, 1873.

* * * All communications relating to Chess must be addressed "CHECKMATE, London, Ont."

* * * We should be happy to receive a few unpublished two-move or three-move problems for "Caissa's Casket."

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 17.

White.

1. K. to R. 2nd
2. P. to Kt. 4th

Black.

1. P. to Kt. 4th
2. P. takes P. en pas. Mate.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 18.

White.

1. Q. to Q. B. 5th (ch)

If 1. K. to K. 4th; 2. P. to Q. 6th (dis. ch) &c. If 1. K. to Q. 6; 2. Q. to B. 4th (ch) &c.

2. Kt. to K. B. 5th
3. R. to Q. Kt. 5th mate.

Black.

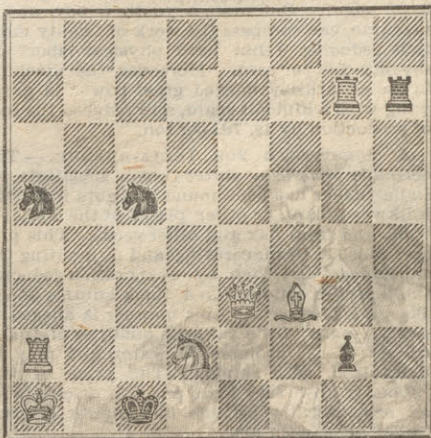
1. K. takes Q.

2. Any.

PROBLEM NO. 19.

By T. M. BROWN.

BLACK.



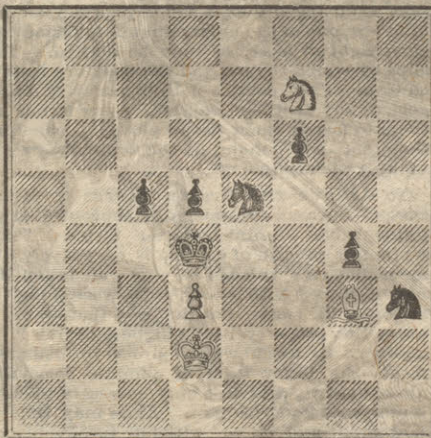
WHITE.

White to play and SELF-MATE in two moves.

PROBLEM NO. 20.

By BONE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

INSTRUCTION IN CHESS.

By "CHECKMATE."

We will now take up another opening, viz: The Ruy Lopez Attack, probably one of the most frequently played openings of the entire list, certainly one of the most interesting. Our study of this opening we shall commence with a brief but lively battle between Messrs. MacKenzie and Hosmer, of New York, as there are a great number of variations to examine, and all well worth an inspection, we shall devote a longer time to the study of this opening than we have already done with others.

GAME NO. 13.

Ruy Lopez Attack.

White.

MACKENZIE.

1. P. to K. 4th
2. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd

Black.

HOSMER.

1. P. to K. 4th
2. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd

We have here what is known as the "Italian defence" to the K. Kt.'s opening, probably the best known reply to White's second move. Black instead of defending his K. P. with a Pawn, as in Philidor's Defence, or counter attacking White's K. P. with K. Kt. as in Petroff's Defence, supports the Pawn with a minor piece, and one which does not block his game, as B. to Q. 3rd.

3. B. to Q. Kt. 5th

This constitutes the Ruy Lopez Attack, White threatens to double his opponent's Pawns in such a manner as to seriously injure his game.

3. P. to Q. R. 3rd

On all hands this is admitted to be the very best continuation of the defence. There are several other moves in vogue amongst chess players which will come in for due consideration in the course of these chapters, White is forced to take the Kt. at once, which enables Black to double the Pawns in the most advantageous manner, or retreat his Bishop.

4. B. to Q. R. 4th

This is the move generally adopted. If he take the Kt. Black's Q. P. takes B., and then if 5. Kt. takes P., Q. to Q. 5th recovers the Pawn. If 5. P. to Q. 4, P. takes P. and an exchange of Queens may at once follow.

5. P. to Q. 4th

The most attacking move.

6. Castles.

He might now have played P. to K. 5th instead.

7. P. to K. 5th

8. Kt. takes P.

White often plays 8 R. to K. 1st here, and after Black retreats the Kt. to Q. B. 4th takes off the Q. Kt. with B.

9. Q. takes Kt.

10. B. to Q. Kt. 3rd

This does not seem best; we should prefer to castle at once, and thereby destroy the effect of the attack of the B. upon the B. P.

11. Q. B. P. takes Kt.

Which proves a very weakening move.

12. P. takes P.

13. Q. takes K. Kt. P.

When the R. is attacked in this manner it is customary to play it alongside the K. unless it can be preserved as in this case. But this preservation in this instance may be said to lose Black's game, owing to the exposed position of his King.

14. R. to K. 1st (ch)

15. B. to K. Kt. 5th wins.

The whole is played very cleverly by White.

We have here a being interesting game, introducing a variation in this opening, played in the recent match between Messrs. Zukertort and Steinitz:

GAME NO. 14.

Ruy Lopez Attack.

Black.

ZUKERTORT.

1. P. to K. 4th

2. Kt. to K. B. 3rd

3. B. to Q. Kt. 5th

4. B. to Q. R. 4th

5. P. to Q. 3rd

White.

STEINITZ.

1. P. to K. 4th

2. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd

3. P. to Q. R. 3rd

4. Kt. to K. B. 3rd

Many of the finest players adopt this close manner of continuing the attack against strong opponent. Though infinitely less attacking than 5. P. to Q. 4th, it is well thus to defend the K. P. perhaps, in an important contest, than risk its capture by the Kt.

5. P. to Q. 3rd

Mr. Steinitz is the champion of Europe, and as he plays this in a match, there can be no doubt of its soundness, though it produces the immediate doubling of his Pawns. Mr. Morphy usually played here B. to Q. B. 4th, when the attack responds, 6. P. to Q. B. 3rd, with the intention of soon advancing the Q. P. one square further.

6. B. takes Kt. (ch)

The defence suffers by the doubling of the Pawn, but gains a clear file for his Q. R. and a new diagonal for his Q. B.

7. P. to K. R. 3rd

8. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd

6. P. takes B.

7. P. to K. Kt. 3rd

8. B. to K. Kt. 2nd

White's last two moves form a line of play in this opening sanctioned by Paulsen and some other first-rates, but the Chess Player's Chronicle remarks that 7. B. to K. 2nd yields a good enough game without stirring the Pawns, and saves time.

9. B. to K. 3rd

10. Q. to Q. 2nd

11. R. to Q. Kt. 1st

12. Kt. to K. R. 2nd

9. P. to Q. B. 4th

10. P. to K. R. 3rd

11. Kt. to K. Kt. 1st

12. Kt. to K. 2nd

Moves 11 and 12 on both sides seem to be so much time thrown away. Moves like these frequently occur when first class players are pitted against each other, as if they were both afraid to make a bold attack lest they should miscalculate the results and lose the game.

13. P. to K. B. 4th

14. B. takes K. B. P.

15. B. to K. 3rd

16. Castles.

13. P. takes P.

14. P. to K. Kt. 4th

15. P. to K. B. 4th

16. P. to K. B. 5th

White has now gained an advantage in position. His opponent should have taken the Pawn instead of casting at his 16th move.

17. B. to K. B. 2nd

18. Kt. to Q. 5th

19. P. to Q. Kt. 4th

20. Kt. takes Q. Kt. P.

21. R. takes Kt.

22. B. to Q. 4th

17. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd

18. Castles.

19. P. takes P.

20. Kt. takes Kt.

21. B. to K. 3rd

Black now gets rid of one of the dangerous Bishops but as the following moves will show at the loss of considerable time:

23. R. takes B.

24. R. to Q. R. 4th

25. P. to Q. B. 4th

26. R. to Q. R. 3rd

27. R. to Q. B. 3rd

28. R. to Q. B. 2nd

29. R. to Q. Kt. 2nd

30. Q. R. to Q. Kt. 1st

22. B. takes B. ch

23. P. to Q. B. 4th

24. Q. to Q. Kt. 3rd

25. P. to Q. R. 4th

26. P. to Q. R. 5th

27. K. R. to Q. Kt. 1st

28. Q. to Q. B. 2nd

29. P. to Q. R. 6th

30. Q. to K. Kt. 2nd

With the object of playing next move, R. to Q. Kt. 7th which would readily win.

31. R. takes R. (ch)

Black should rather have played Kt. to K. B. 3rd and by that means effect a draw. Suppose—

31. Kt. to K. B. 3rd

32. R. takes R.

33. R. to Q. Kt. 1st

34. P. to K. 5th

R. to Q. Kt. 7th

P. takes R.

R. takes P.

P. takes P.

32. Q. to Q. R. 5th

33. K. to R. 1st

34. Q. to Q. B. 7th

35. Q. to Q. 8th (ch)

31. R. takes R.

32. Q. to Q. 5th ch

33. Q. takes Q. P.

34. K. to Q. Kt. 8th

35. K. to B. 2nd

And Black Resigns.

CHINESE SUPERSTITION.

One very extraordinary way in which Chinese superstition shows itself is in connection with the system of ancestral worship, to which they attach extreme importance. They seem to believe that the unseen world is, in a certain way, a counterpart of things visible, and that the spirits of the departed stand in need of the same support as they did when living—food, clothes, and houses—reduced, however, to a state suitable for the use of the invisible, which they seem to imagine is to be attained by the process of burning! They have a curious way of carrying their superstition into effect. Having to provide, not on the day of the funeral alone, but in perpetuity, for the comforts of the departed, they take care that clothing, furniture, and money shall cost them as little as possible. They therefore manufacture imitations of these necessities in paper, the paper money being covered with tin or gilt foil; and on some occasions a paper house, ready furnished, is burned and passed entire into the unseen world.

The food of the spirits is managed more simply still. The feast is spread hot and steaming; and the steam and fumes arising from the repast appear to form the nutriment of the spirits, for the substantial food is afterwards consumed by the relatives. From this feeling with regard to ancestral worship results the strong desire of every Chinaman to have a son instead of a daughter; for should the male line of his family fail, the ancestral feasts can not be properly performed, and then not only his own spirit will be starved, but all his ancestors will be reduced to a state of beggary.

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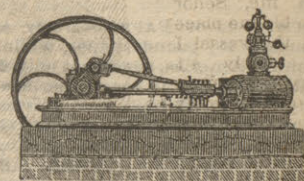
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